The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

Rev J C Bucher L M M

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TERMS.

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Poetry.

EPIPHANY HYMN.

Thy glory Thou didst manifest,
O Christ, by miracle divine,
When, at Thy word, for ev'ry guest
The water sparkled into wine;
And *now*, in all the sons of men
Who feel Thy Spirit's quick'ning breath,
That miracle is wrought again,
As life is kindled out of death.

When festal raptures fill our hearts,
When heaven and earth are married there!
What hope, what love the Lord imparts!
What tenderness and strength of prayer!
For then *within*, His glory glows;
And gifts and graces all divine
Again that miracle disclose
Of water glorified in wine.
O Christ, unfold Thy quick'ning might
From day to day, that all may see
Within each Saint, still beaming bright,
Thy glorious Epiphany:
And find that best of wine at last,
That sweetest gift of grace outpour'd,
Richer than Cana's humble feast,
The marriage Supper of the Lord.

—*E. E. Higbee.*

Theology and Criticism.

For The Messenger.

INFANT BAPTISM.

The fact that the very important interest of infant baptism fails to command a befitting regard on the part of several of the large Churches in this country, is notorious. And their recurring annual statistics, betray a continuance of this grave negligence. An article in a recent number of the MESSENGER, informs us, that Baptist organs, taking knowledge of these meagre figures, are disposed to attribute them to a growing loss of confidence in the institution, and in so far, a prevalence of their negative views on the subject. It certainly is not a little strange, that the Presbyterian Church, for instance, whose confession is so distinctly pronounced on this behalf, should continue to manifest such a persistent delinquency, as is admitted by her periodicals, and exhibited in her statistics. And the question, Why is this so? must naturally suggest itself to the reflecting mind.

But it is not proposed to arraign that Church, further than to suggest the propriety of an earnest consideration of the above question.

It is proposed the rather in the spirit of self-examination, to turn to our own Church, and inquire whether we are entirely free from blame in this same direction? It is certainly gratifying to be able to say that our percentage of infant baptisms, is nearly three times as great as that of our sister denomination. But this withal, the question recurs, is our percentage large enough to cover the whole number of births within our membership? It is to be more than feared that it is not. It cannot be denied, that in many of our congregations, parents exhibit a sad degree of carelessness in this particular, and allow their children for years to suffer for the want of the ministry of grace, while in many instances it is neglected altogether. We, consequently, on our own behalf, are justly open to the challenge, Why is this so?

One of the most potent causes of the evil now under consideration, is unquestionably the prevalent rationalistic conceptions of a sacrament, by which it is debased to a mere sign or badge. The notion is, that the sacrament does not carry in itself the invisible grace, but that this invisible grace is a condition precedent to the sacrament, that this last is merely the recognition of what is already at hand in the soul of the recipient, and is consequently simply an outward badge. As such, some parents imagine, (and rightly too, if this view of a sacrament be correct), that the baptism of their children is a meaningless form, and that the proper course is to await their conversion, as furnishing them the necessary grace. And in this rationalizing spirit, some ministers even go so far as, for this reason, to account baptism under any circumstances as of unessential moment. A sad commentary truly upon the Saviour's wisdom, in so solemnly enjoying so valueless an ordinance.

With this low and inadequate conception of a sacrament, there are members in our Church, who are in great danger of being confounded by the baptistic arguments, which, in some sections, are so diligently plied upon them. We have no disposition to deny, that some of the arguments employed against infant baptism are clear as to form, and challenge a manly, rational reply. But there are others, which are simply ridiculous, and bespeak the profound ignorance of those who use them. A case in point has recently come to our knowledge. A Tunker, attacking the faith of an unlearned female member of the Reformed Church, confounded her with the question, "If infant baptism be a divine ordinance, why was not the Lord Jesus Christ baptized in His infancy?" Besides this low class of arguments, there are many of a more respectable cast, which *while unable to endure the test of a critical* examination, are nevertheless more or less effective in disturbing the faith of many, who are not skilled in theological discussion.

As subsidiary to these attacks from without, it is to be feared, that some of our ministers are not dutifully careful to instruct their members in this general interest, and to fortify them, by an expose of the invalidity of the adverse argument and careful indoctrination in the faith of the Church. Let them be made to feel that the Saviour ordained baptism, not simply because He had the prerogative of command, but because He lodged in baptism that which is essential to salvation, and which can be reached by the soul of man only in the way He ordained for its communication. That the infant, equally with the adult is included in the guilt of Adam's sin, and needs the grace of salvation in Christ Jesus—that it is not postponed to the realm of the miraculous, but is included in the scope of the divinely appointed ministries lodged in the Church on earth.

Besides this, the Church papers should be diligently careful to contribute to the same end. We should learn wisdom from our opponents in this regard. The persistence, with which they press their antagonistic views, would seem almost to indicate a consciousness of unrest in their own position, just as a disqueting sense of insecurity leads the Universalist to seek argument and discussion. The MESSENGER has not recently dwelt specially upon this subject, and it has occurred to us, that a brief statement in one or two articles, of some of the views, which govern the sense of the Reformed Church, might be conducive of a more thoughtful appreciation, and pious observance of duty in this regard on the part of her membership. S. N. C.

STANZAS.

BY ELDER BENJAMIN TITZEL.

O Thou who art the Light of life,
From whom all joy proceeds,
Who doth supply my daily wants
And all my spirit needs.

Teach me to know Thee as I should,
And praise Thee as I ought,
And fill my heart with every good,
In deed, and word, and thought.

That I may love my Saviour more,
And walk the path He trod,
And when afflictions fall on me,
In meekness bear the rod.

So when my cares on earth are o'er,
And all my toil is done,
Then with the good and blest above,
With Christ I shall be one.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

ANOTHER DEDICATION IN IOWA.

A fortnight ago we reported the dedication of a new Reformed church in Louisa county, Iowa. It is our privilege and pleasure to report another dedication in Linn county at Lisbon, in the charge of Rev. D. S. Fouse. This interesting and solemn event took place on Sunday, December 30th, 1877. Religious services commenced on Friday evening previous, at which time Rev. J. A. Smith of Anamosa preached. The same brother also preached on Saturday afternoon. Rev. C. Cort of Maquoqueta, preached on Saturday evening, and also the dedicatory sermon proper on Sunday morning. Rev. George H. Albright of Brandon, preached on Sunday evening.

The new church was filled to overflowing on Sunday. In addition to pastor Fouse and the Reformed ministers named above, four ministers of other denominations were present, and took part in the religious services. The mud had placed an embargo on traveling with wheeled vehicles, but the people managed to get to the sanctuary in some way. Father Uhler was present with a goodly delegation of both sexes from Tipton. It was a joyous occasion for all; especially so for pastor Fouse and his devoted and generous-hearted people. With great toil and self-denial, they erected this chaste and heartsome sanctuary, and to witness the successful conclusion of their labors, filled their hearts with gratitude to the good Lord, for whose glory and praise it had been built. In spite of hard times, bad roads, etc., this little flock [illegible] pushed forward this Church building enterprise with unflagging energy. May the good Lord abundantly bless and reward their work of faith and labor of love.

The church edifice is a neat gothic frame structure. It is thirty (30) by fifty-two (52) feet in size, and presents a neat and comfortable appearance externally and internally. It cost $2696,10 including the lot. $597,-06 was still due on dedication day. It was deemed advisable not to make any strenuous effort to raise funds on dedication, as matters of this kind had been run into the ground in that community by other denominations on previous similar occasions. A simple statement was made of the cost and amount needed to square off all accounts. One hundred dollars were raised in a few minutes' time. The pastor stated that not a cent was due to any outside party. The claims or debts which remained were held by their own members, and they feel perfectly safe in going forward with the dedicatory services. It is proper to state, in this place, that the ladies of the congregation raised over three hundred dollars partly among Eastern friends. With this sum they bought the organ, stoves, lamps, carpet, etc. God bless the ladies! May they never grow weary in well doing!

Brother Fouse and his little flock at Lisbon, enjoy the confidence and good-will of the outside community, and their prospects for future usefulness and increase, are quite encouraging. Half a dozen years ago, Rev. Dr. E. W. Reinecke of Nazareth, Pa., wrote to the writer of this article, that a number of his Reformed members had located in and around Lisbon. The attention of pastors living adjacent was called to the fact, the scattered sheep were gathered into the Reformed fold, and now in the good providence of God, they worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; not in a tabernacle or rented house, as heretofore, but in their own delightful sanctuary. May it ever be for them and their children "the house of God and the gate of heaven!"

On our return home from Lisbon, we stopped over several hours at Wheatland with Brother F. Dieckman, pastor of the Reformed congregation in that place. We were glad to learn that Brother Dieckman has been prospered in his ministrations among these people. In about twenty months he has added over a hundred members to the congregation, which now numbers fully two hundred and fifty. Here also the work of Church extension is going forward. The old church is too small for the large and growing congregation. The foundation and corner-stone of a new and commodious church have been laid, and by next June, there will be another dedication to report. This building will be 38 by 64 feet in size, and will be an ornament to the place. Brother Dieckman informed us that Brother Elliker is also engaged in building a new church in his charge. This, with the one built in Jones county, makes a half dozen new Reformed churches just dedicated or under process of erection in Iowa. May the good work continue to go forward; for there is much land still to be occupied by our people in this noble commonwealth! C. C.

Maquoqueta, Iowa.

Selected.

"THE PIONEERS OF GERMAN LITERATURE IN AMERICA."

After cordially welcoming the students back to college, the speaker invited his hearers to follow him into one of the by-ways of literature. Turn aside from the broad highway and you will behold scenes of sylvan beauty, which the ordinary traveler fails to discover.

"The Pioneers of German Literature in America," is a theme which cannot be indifferent to the sons of German sires among our present audience. The excellence of German literature has but recently been generally acknowledged. It required the labors of a Bulwer and a Longfellow, but the result has far exceeded the expectations of these distinguished translators. The knowledge of her literature has given Germany the surest title to the respect of the nations. As Longfellow says of Nuremberg:

"Not thy councils nor thy kaisers win for thee
the world's regard,
But thy painter Albrecht Durer, and Hans Sachs,
thy cobbler bard."

It is remarkable that though the literary history of both Germany and America has been carefully studied, there should be between them a debatable ground—a German literature in America—which has never been properly surveyed or cultivated.

In order to understand the labors of our pioneers, we must form a conception of the circumstances by which they were surrounded. The horrors of the French invasion of the Palatinate have been often related. The little German princes, recently raised to the position of independent rulers, exercised their authority by persecuting their own subjects. The Margrave of Anspach amused himself by shooting laborers from his palace windows. Others persecuted their subjects for no apparent reason, but to show that they could do such things as well as their betters. "Basta! Grand Duke of Geroldstein-Pumpernickel!" No language can describe the miseries of the early German emigrants. In a few years a light and joyous people became gloomy and sad. In Pennsylvania they settled in large numbers, a humble but not an ignorant people. Besides the Scriptures, they read the works of Spencer and of Jacob Boehme, the inspired shoemaker of Gorlitz. New sects sprang up in every direction, most of which have passed away. Among these were the "New Born," "The Inspired," the "Gichtelians," the "Labadists," and others. Everywhere a longing was felt to escape from a world doomed to destruction. Convents were built in a number of places, by men of the most conflicting religious opinions.

In this mystical period we find the first beginnings of German literature in America. Pastorius, Whittier's "Pennsylvania Pilgrim," wrote much but published little. John Peter Zenger, in 1726, established a German press in New York. For his strictures on the Government, he was arrested for libel, and his trial is one of the most important in the history of the colonies.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND GERMAN BOOKS.

In 1730 Benjamin Franklin began to publish German books in the interest of the monastic brotherhood of Seventh Day Baptists at Ephrata. This curious order subsequently imported a press from Germany and published about twenty-five different volumes, principally devoted to the propagation of their peculiar tenets.

In 1735 Christopher Sauer, senior, began the publication of a German newspaper, and in 1739 founded at Germantown the most extensive printing establishment in the colonies. In 1743 he printed the Bible for the first time in America in a European language.

The beginning of the second period is marked by a number of important events. The arrival of Zinzendorf, Muhlenberg and Schlatter, and the subsequent organization of the Reformed and Lutheran Synods, all occurring just before the middle of the last century, indicate a reaction for mysticism.

In 1744 Christopher Sauer, senior, transferred his business to his son, who bore precisely the same name. The younger Saur (or Sower, as the name is often written,) was a very superior man. He published more than two hundred books, besides periodicals and pamphlets. He also engaged extensively in type-founding, and the celebrated house of Johnson & Co., of Philadelphia, is directly derived from that of Christopher Sauer.

The latter years of this pioneer were full of sorrow. During the Revolution he spent a great part of his property in ministering to our suffering militia, but as he was a Loyalist, the remainder was confiscated by the Government. His son, a third Christopher Suuer, made an effort to retrieve the fortunes of his house, but was not successful.

OTHER GERMAN PUBLISHERS.

Besides the Sauer family, there were many other German publishers. Benjamin Franklin in 1749 formed a partnership with John Boehm, and published several vol- [illegible] and Henry Miller. The missionaries of the Lutheran, Reformed and Moravian churches sent their manuscripts to Europe for publication.

Helmuth and Kunze were distinguished as poets, and at a later date, Muhlenberg and Melsheimer became famous as naturalists.

The majority of the German settlers believed in the importance of education, and the Lutherans and Reformed built a schoolhouse by the side of every church. Still the second generation was less intelligent than the first, and the schools were generally miserable. Large sums of money were collected in Europe for the establishment of charity schools, but the fund was mismanaged, and the Germans so contemptuously treated, that they at last refused to receive anything from this source. We feel inclined to blame them for their pride, and then to praise them for their manliness and sense of honor.

It was not until the third period, beginning with the American Revolution, that renewed efforts were put forth to advance the cause of higher education among the Germans. Franklin College was founded in 1787, at Lancaster, with a fine faculty, but an inadequate endowment. Among its earliest professors were Muhlenberg, Melsheimer, Ross and Reichenbach—men whose names would adorn the records of any college in the land.

Having promised to speak of the pioneers of German literature, we cannot refer to the labors and achievements of more modern times. We have simply sought, like another "Old Mortality," to restore a few inscriptions on the tombstones of a forgotten generation.

It has generally been supposed that Pennsylvania was, in its earlier days, given up to hopeless ignorance, but I think you will agree that the pioneers accomplished as much as could justly be expected of them. That their names should be forgotten, matters very little. It is

"Enough to know that through the winter's frost
And summer's heat no seed of truth is lost,
And every duty pays at last its cost."

We have spoken in the hope of encouraging young men of German extraction to nobler efforts and achievements. Respect yourselves and others will respect you.

The literature of two of the noblest nations of the world stands open before you; you may devote yourselves to either or both, and there is no reason why you should not in time send back treasures of literature to the ancient Fatherland, and thus be equally appreciated on both sides of the broad Atlantic.

* For the above extract of Professor Dubbs' address at the opening of the session at Franklin and Marshall College, we are indebted to the Lancaster *New Era*.

Family Reading.

FIFTY YEARS APART.

They sit in the winter gleaming,
And the fire burns bright between;
One has passed seventy summers,
The other just seventeen.

They sit in a happy silence,
As the shadows deepen fast;
One lives in a coming future,
And one in a long, long past.

Each dreams of a rush of music,
And a question whispered low;
One will hear it this evening,
One heard it long ago.

Each dreams of a loving husband,
Whose brave heart is hers alone;
For one the joy is coming,
For one the joy has flown.

Each dreams of a life of gladness,
Spent under the sunny skies;
And both the hope and the memory,
Shine in the happy eyes,

Who knows which dream is the brightest?
And who knows which is the best?
The sorrow and joy are mingled,
But the only end is rest.

AMONG THE SNOW-DRIFTS.

Few people who spend their lives in a temperate zone, can form an edequate idea of the horrors of a Russian Winter. Books and travelers may enlighten them to some extent, to be sure; but who shall describe the ghastly, howling waste, the blinding tempest of snow, and the terrible, cutting wind that freezes the very life-blood in the innermost recesses of the heart?

Some years ago, while returning from transacting important business a considerable distance from Moscow, I encountered a snow-storm of a character so fierce and unrelenting that I began to despair of ever reaching the city alive. Although well provided with furs, the cold became so intense that I found the greatest difficulty in preserving any degree of warmth, while Ivan, the driver of the sleigh in which I was the only passenger, informed me that he had never experienced such severe weather so early in the season; it being now the end of September only.

Notwithstanding that we had the advantage of three spirited horses and a most excellent sleigh, belonging to a wealthy official, a friend of mine, the road, which a day or two previous was quite good and well packed, became so heavy that our progress was most laborious. This [illegible] when we [illegible] weather, though cold, was quite clear and promising.

When we started from the city, Ivan, who was my friend's man, was in the highest spirits, and was most communicative. But now, as it began to verge toward two o'clock, and as we had still many versts of our homeward journey to accomplish, he was silent and moody. There was but one dwelling—a post-house—between us and our destination, but even that was a very uncomfortable way off, and in the midst of a barren and desolate tract.

It was late in the afternoon before we reached it; and as it was necessary to bait the horses and to restore something like warmth to our benumbed limbs, I entered the large room with a feeling of relief, and immediately availed myself of a place near the huge stove which burned in the centre of the apartment. Ivan soon joined me; and as the storm was becoming more terrific and the wind more piercing, were such possible, he counseled our remaining until the tempest had abated, to some extent at least. Most gladly would I have adopted his advice, were it not imparative that I should be home by five o'clock; so, after some refreshment and a short rest, we were on the road once more, but with little prospect of accomplishing in time the twelve versts which still lay between us and the city.

When passing the post-house in the morning I observed, as we stopped to water the horses, a venerable gentleman and his daughter who were journeying toward the city. By chance I learned that he was a misionary who had arrived by an accidental conveyance from a neighboring town, and who, in case he was unable to hire another, determined to accomplish the remainder of the journey on foot. On my return I happened to inquire whether he had procured a conveyance, when I was horrified to learn that he had not been able to obtain one, and that, consequently, scarce two hours before the commencement of the storm he and his companion, a beautiful girl of nineteen, had set out for the city.

This intelligence prompted me to move with additional celerity, for I felt that there was no possibility of their having reached any place of shelter before the tempest was upon them. They were warmly clad of course, and the road from the post-house to the city was direct; but then I felt that once the white scourge had overtaken them, how soon they should be blinded and overpowered by it. I urged Ivan to push forward as briskly as possible, and he seconded my desire to the best of his ability; but, then, do all we could, our progress was but slow, and it was almost night before we came within view of a church-tower, and some straggling houses on the outskirts of the city.

Here in a deep ravine, we encountered some snow drifts that were impassable to horses; so there was nothing for it but to drive the animals beneath the shelter of some rocks and trees hard by, and to endeavor to make the rest of the journey on foot by a track through a wood familiar to the driver, and which, like the main road, was impossible to any of our beasts, because of the close underwood and the narrowness of the path. The distance we should have to travel before we reached a dwelling was not much over half a verst, however. So, setting forth, after having blanketed our animals as best we could, in due course we plowed our way through piles of snow and the dense undergwood until we gained a dwelling not far distant from the tower just alluded to. He we found help and at once returned to extricate our animals by making a passage for them through the drift.

We had not yet reached them, however, when a little to our right and above the voice of the tempest, that had now abated greatly, we heard a long, wild cry, which seemed to be that of a woman. In an instant the recollection of the missionary and his daughter, who had been forgotten for the time, rushed across my mind, and setting forth at once we all soon arrived at a ravine where, within a few yards of us, we perceived the form of a young girl kneeling over the prostrate body of a man, and in the act of crying aloud to Heaven for relief. We cheered, and rushed toward her. She sprang to her feet and stretched out both her arms as if to embrace us. It was the beautiful girl I had observed at the post-house, and in whose fate, as well as that of her father, who now lay prostrate from cold and exhaustion, I had become so interested. In a few minutes some of the party, led by Ivan, struggled to where the horses stood and procured some bear-skins, in which we wrapped the poor gentleman, who had not yet lost all consciousness, but on the contrary was able to whisper a few words in gratitude to God for an all but miraculous deliverance from death.

I now gave orders that three of the men should carry him to the nearest dwelling, which they soon accomplished, while I induced his lovely daughter to proceed to the sleigh with us, as she could not possibly accompany her father at the moment. Here we wrapped her up, while she continued to pour out her soul in praise to the heavenly Father, for the succor he had vouchsafed in the hour of danger and of death. In a shorter period than we had anticipated we made a passage through the drift, when we had the extreme satisfaction of seeing both father and daughter restored to each other's arms—the former brought back to life, as it were once more, and the latter, though pale as the late drift that had nearly become her tomb, with a face bathed in tears of ineffable happiness. Though feeble and scarcely able to speak above his breath, the venerable old gentleman fell on his knees—an example which we all followed—and again returned thanks to the Almighty God, for the deliverance of himself and his only child, while for all present he asked a blessing and future guidance to the end of their days. The scene was touching beyond measure, and as I saw him fold his daughter again and again to his bosom, and witnessed the rapture which overspread her beautiful countenance, my own somewhat aged eyes refused to gaze longer upon the scene.

On the morrow I called again, and found father and daughter perfectly restored. We soon became better acquainted. Indeed, before closing, I may as well inform the reader, so well acquainted had we become, that in a few months, learning the worth and piety of the reverend old man and his fair child, I asked permission to introduce my young friend, the official already mentioned. I received it; and the result has been this little sketch written at the instance of his wife—the beautiful waif of the snow-drift.

LIVING IN HEARTS.

It is better to live in hearts than houses. A change of circumstances may turn out of a house to which he is strongly attached. Removing from place to place is with many an unavoidable incident of life. But one cannot be expelled from a true and loving heart, save by his own fault. Go where he will, his home remains in hearts which have learned to love him; the roots of affection are not torn out and destroyed by such removals, but they remain fixed deep in the heart. When one re-visits the home of his childhood, pleasant as it is to survey each familiar spot—the house, the garden, the trees planted by himself, or by kindred now sleeping in the dust; there is in the warm grasp of the hand, in the kind salutation, a delight that no mere local object can bestow. To be remembered and loved, to live in hearts, is a solace amid earthly changes, a joy above all pleasures of scene and place. We love this union of hearts which death cannot destroy, for if there be heart-purity as well as heart affection, it points to an unchanging and imperishable abode in a celestial sphere.—*Union in Christ.*

GOSSIP ABOUT CHAIRS.

The first chair seats were wooden; the second were also wood, but with a cushion on top; the third, which only came into use about a century ago, were of cane, which custom Cowper informs us, was introduced into this country from India. From its great convenience and economy woven cane is still very much used, but it should be only on the seats of bed-room chairs where their use is but for a short passing time, for doctors denounce cane seats as injurious to health when occupied for a longer period, either in offices or sitting-room. No lady with any regard for the welfare of a silk or velvet dress will ever willingly sit upon a chair with a chair of this material. But in the early use of woven cane it was never left uncovered. Old couches and chairs having cane instead of the modern canvas bottoms were always covered with a thick cushion. An early type of chair, often represented in the Italian pictures, but which seems never to have been very common in England, had a broad band of stout leather, which stretched between the black rails, just beneath the shoulder blades of the sitter, accommodated itself easily to the form, and was about the best and most comfortable support that could be devised. As time went on this strap was replaced by a padded back of the Cromwell chair, which was a much less objectionable form of support than we have had in this country, when, in aiming at elegance in our drawing-rooms, we have martyrized ourselves and our friends. It was not until the reign of Queen Anne that we had very comfortable dwelling-houses. From the days of Oliver Cromwell until James the Second had died in exile, and the succession to the throne was vested in the female line, people were unable to [illegible] to quietness and feel able to lead tranquil lives. Then, for one hundred years, chairs, couches, carpets, hangings, and other domestic comforts, came to be subjects for consideration. The French nation had been always better off in this respect than the English. They had large houses and handsome furniture which Italy supplies plentifully. Their revolutionary troubles had not yet commenced, and their great people were living luxuriously and carelessly, thinking as little of the future as the noble man who only shrugged his shoulders at the suggestion of a day of reckoning, with the prophetic words—"apres moi le deluge."

ECONOMIZING STEPS.

A large part of the weariness of housework comes from the number of steps required of the housekeeper while performing it. The going up and down stairs, the vibration between the kitchen, dining-room, cellar, and other parts of the house, wear out the strength quite as much as all other tasks combined. Hence such concentration of resources as will give the housekeeper the advantage of a position and the easy command of every point to be covered is of the utmost importance. If she can find in her pantry every requisite for compounding bread, pastry, cake, and have no occasion to run here and there to get things together and put them away again, her task will seem light.

If in her sewing-room she can put her hand on everything required by the seamstress, without the perplexity and trouble of hunting up linings, thread, buttons, braid, that task will be robbed of half its weariness. But comparatively few houses have been planned with reference to this saving of steps. The majority of families have no special room fitted up as a laundry, no pantry capacious enough to contain everything a pantry should contain, no sewing-room set apart for that sole purpose; and articles needed in these various industries are necessarily scattered, and kept where it is most convenient to keep them. The washing utensils are usually kept in the cellar and must be brought to the kitchen and carried back again.

The sewing-machine stands not far from the cook-stove, so the woman who does her own work can have an oversight of the coooking while busy at the machine, but her materials for sewing cannot all be within reach. Yet, by using her brains as much as she does her feet, she may save the latter many an unnecessary trip. If she must go down to the cellar for anything, let her pause a moment before starting and see if there is not something to be carried down, or if there is any errand there that may be attended to other than the special one she goes on. If she has occasion to go up stairs, let her consider how much that is to be done she can accomplish with once going there, and so on with everything else. A great deal can be done by planning to make it easy. She who has arranged in her mind a little programme of her work, and goes at it systematically, will accomplish with half the fatigue what, taken at random, might be entirely beyond her strength. Children can be trained so as to save their mother's steps, and by setting and clearing away tables, putting their own toys and belongings in place, do very much to lighten the toils of their mothers.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE SONG OF PATIENCE.

There was a song I tried in vain to sing!
It seemed as though I ne'er should learn the ring
Of the sweet melody; though oft again
I sought, with tears, to sing that sweet refrain.
I longed to strike the chords in harmony,
And pour a song which should fall soothingly
On lonely, troubled hearts, and lull their fears
To rest. But all in vain! Hot, burning tears
Fell from my weary eyes, as, sorely vexed,
My disappointed heart at last confessed
My voice might never breathe that song of rest.

I heard of other voices, raising high
The same sweet song, that I so wearily
Had striven to learn for many a long, long year;
I listened eagerly, that on mine ear
Might fall the gracious echoes, sweet and low,
And fondly dreamed that I could quickly know
And imitate their tone; and gazed upon
The words till blinding tears did hide them one
By one from view: and yet, when I essayed
To strike the measure, oh! how soon I laid
My harp, in sad despair, upon the ground,
And felt that never, from its slumbering sound,
The song of patience I might sweetly wake!
To earthly masters I my harp did take,
Imploring them to teach me, but in vain;
Others might raise the full melodious strain,
Till angels bent with listening ears again;
My yearning voice forever hushed must be,
That blessed song might ne'er be sung by me.

O weary soul! didst thou not see One near?
Did not His footsteps fall upon thine ear?
Did not His shadow, gently passing o'er,
In silent tenderness, thy tear-stained floor,
Raise thee from that dull, sorrowful despair?
He lowly bends, and takes thy harp from where
In sad impatience it was often flung,
And, tuning it with skilful fingers, sung
The song I craved to learn. Oh! dear, dear soul,
Did e'er such melody across thee roll?
It was a tone that never had its birth
In this poor, troubled, sin-marred, weary earth.
I turned to Him, with streaming, earnest eyes,
Imploring Him to bid my voice arise
In that rich harmony. He gently smiled,
And whispered softly, Follow me, my child,
And thou shalt learn to sing the song below,
Which angels in my mansions ne'er may know."

I followed Him, wiping my tears away.
Clasping my silent harp, but lo! the way
Straight in a flaming, angry fire He led,
Where red-forked tongues shot high above my head,
Devouring far and wide. Deep anguish filled
My soul. I would have fled, but through me thrilled
His loving voice,—"Sing on, my child, and raise
Thy harp's full melody, e'en in the blaze;
Those stubborn fingers will with soft power wake
Chords which this scorching glow can only make;
The blessed words will sink with deep-graved power,
And thy best teacher be this fiery hour!"

I raised my voice, though heartstrings nearly broke,
With scorched and trembling fingers, slowly woke
The song I longed to learn! and, 'midst the pain,
I felt I could, though feebly, raise the strain.

And now I pass along the world's highway,
Where restless, woe-worn hearts in darkness stray;
Oh that I might, though poor and weak my tone,
Comfort some lost one, wandering alone,
And sing my song of patience, till the light
Breaks on his darkly clouded, heavy night.

The day grows late, the shadows longer fall,
Soon will the voice from Zion's palace call,
And songs and harps will soon their echoes swell
Around the glassy sea, where God doth dwell,
And songs of patience, which we sang below,
In tones of deep, glad love away shall flow!

M.—*Golden Hour.*

READING ALOUD.

There is probably no accomplishment, if we except music, which adds so much to the pleasure of the home circle as that of reading aloud well. Yet it is one of the rarest acquirements, and even in the pulpit and on the platform it is the exception to find a really good reader, one to whom it is a pleasure to listen. Of the hundreds of college graduates, male and female, who have just gone home with ribboned parchments setting forth their proficiency in various branches, among which elocution may or may not be numbered, there is probably not one in a score who can read aloud who has a perfect pronunciation, a clear enunciation, a distinct utterance. A good voice is not all, nor are silvery tones sufficient to constitute a good reader. Listen to this description of the proper articulation of words: "In just articultation the words are not hurried over, nor melted together; they are neither abridged nor prolonged; they are not swallowed, nor are they shot forth from the mouth; neither are they trailed and then suffered to drop unfinished; but they are delivered from the lips as beautiful coins are issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinct, sharp, perfectly finished."

Besides this, in order to read intelligibly, due regard must be paid to stops—each one should be observed and given its proper value—a rule as necessary as that which calls for attention to the rests in a piece of music. At these rests breath should be taken when necessary, a relief important to both reader and hearer, inasmuch as it lessens the strain on the vocal organs as oil lessens the strain on a machine. It is positively painful to hear reader or speaker rush on continuously, until the voice fails and breath is regained with a gasp in the middle of a sentence, perhaps even in the middle of a word. Of course, there are diseases of the throat and lungs which render clear enunciation painful, not to say impossible, but these are the exception, and part even of the attention bestowed upon other educational branches would make good readers of most persons. Try for yourself and see how you read aloud, whether you are careful of the small words, the nails which hold the fabric together, whether your g's ring clear and true and your ands come out with the full sound of the d. Probably you will be discouraged to find how many are your failings, but "practice makes perfect," and you need never lack for auditors while children are numbered among your acquaintances. Or, if being a young lady, you have an inseparable bosom friend, suppose you two arrange to read to each other, taking turn about as reader and critic. As inducement to the exertion necessary, think of the pleasure the accomplishment will enable you to give to others, to the sick, the old and the blind. In the ideal family circle one always reads aloud while the others work, and in few ways can an evening be passed more profitably and pleasantly. An interesting volume becomes doubly interesting when we have some one with whom to talk it over, and our children would be freer from the temptations of pernicious literature if the books and papers they read were read and discussed around the parlor lamp.—*Phila. Times.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

To Clean Silk.—Grate potatoes into clean, cold water, (one large potato to a quart of water). If the silk is light, pare the potatoes, if not merely wash them. Let it remain for forty-eight hours, then pour carefully into a tub, being careful not to disturb the sediment at the bottom. Take each piece of silk separately, dip it up and down in the water, being careful not to crease it; then hang it over a line, or on a horse, and let it drip. When you have dipped all the pieces, lay them on a clean table and wipe them dry. When nearly dry, iron on the wrong side with a warm iron. This process will make the silk look almost as "good as new."

Stewing Dried Prunes.—Wash them thoroughly, and let them soak in a little warm water on the back part of the stove for a few hours; then put them into a preserving kettle, with the same liquor—not pouring off the sediment at the bottom. Add a few sticks of cinnamon. Let them stew slowly for an hour, and then add a pint of good cider to every quart of prunes, and then stew for twenty minutes longer, adding sugar to taste, but only a very small supply is needed, unless you want them very sweet. Cooked in this way, they make a delicious pie, and are always an excellent dish for the tea-table.

Selecting Meats.—In selecting beef to roast, if it be for a small family, the rib is by far the best and most tender cut; have some of the bone removed, then make your butcher skewer the beef. The best beef steak for broiling is porter-house. The best beef for *a la mode* is the round; have the bone removed and trim off all the gristle. For corned-beef the round is also the best. For a mutton-roast choose the shoulder, the saddle, or the loin and haunch. The leg should be boiled. Small rib-chops are best for broiling; those cut from the leg are generally tough. Mutton cutlets to bake are taken from the neck. For roast veal the loin, breast or shoulder is good. Veal chops are best for frying; cutlets are more apt to be tough. In selecting beef, take that which has a loose grain, easily yielding to pressure, of a dark red color, smooth, with whitish fat; if the lean is purplish and the fat yellow, it is poor beef.

Miscellaneous.

A CITY WEED.

I passed a grave-yard in a London street,
Where, 'stead of songs of birds, the hoarse, sad cries
Of wretched men echoed from morn to night.
Locked were its gates, and rows of iron bars
Fenced in God's acre tired wanderers' feet
All broken lay the slabs which love had raised;
But on a mound, where fell a patch of light,
A bindweed grew; and on its flowers, with eyes
O'erflowing with a wintry rain of tears,
A pale faced, miserable woman gazed,
Heart-sick with longings for the nevermore
And faint with memories of bygone years:
A breezy common, with a heaven of stars,
And lovers parting at a cottage-door.

Chambers' Journal.

ENGAGEMENTS, SECRET AND OPEN.

The publication in newspapers of announcements of engagements along with those of marriages and deaths, is a custom which has sprung up in New York within recent years. The number of betrothals thus advertised, it is true, forms a very small part of the whole, and in nearly every case the engaged pair are Hebrews. These advertisements, so singular to most people, have usually appeared in the *Sun* and the *Herald*, but we observe that for several days past one has been repeated in the *Times*.

Not many years ago a weekly paper undertook to print news of engagements in fashionable life, and it was severely assailed for so doing. The charge was that it was meddling with the private matters of families, and informing the public of things which did not concern them. Inasmuch as its reports of engagements were not official, but were picked up from gossips, there was reason for the fault found with the enterprising journal. Stories of the betrothal of men and women very often get about when there is no real foundation for them, and sometimes mischief makers will start them with malicious intent.

But of late years it seems to be common for people in what is called society to become engaged, and keep the fact to themselves. It is manifest to all who know them that they behave very much as if they were engaged, but neither the man nor the woman acknowledges that such is the case, and there is an air of mystery about them which is provoking and indefensible. The secrecy of the betrothal, too, is of course apt to render the promise of marriage less binding on the parties, to afford one or the other a loophole of escape; and perhaps in some cases that is why it is maintained. They *do not care to publish their engagement, for, after all, it may come to nothing.* But in the majority of these unacknowledged engagements the pair have probably no other object than to mystify their friends, or to escape general recognition as a man and woman pledged to marry each other.

But really these secret engagements are not creditable to the parties. If a man and woman have made up their minds to get married, unless there is something wrong about them they have no occasion to be ashamed of what they have done, or to be afraid to let the world know what their intentions are. Once their friends have recognized their new relation, the engaged pair are established on a frank and square footing, and the chances of the engagement being kept unbroken are far better than when it is foolishly left unacknowledged, to be the subject of gossip and surmise. Everybody knows then exactly where to place them, and to just what responsibilities to hold them. A man who is fond enough of a woman to ask her to be his wife, ought to be proud to have his friends know that she has consented to take him, and she should refuse to engage herself unless he is willing to let the fact be understood. Getting engaged is a pretty serious though very delightful business, and young people make a mistake when they treat it lightly or try to create a silly mystery out of it.

The ceremony of betrothal in Germany, and the publication of the banns of matrimony elsewhere, are very desirable things, for they surround the institution of marriage with valuable solemnities and safeguards. Engagements thus become matters of great importance, and cannot so readily be broken as they are now with us. There are girls in New York who look on a proposal as something in the ordinary course, and acceptance as a mere expression of the feeling of the moment, and a jilting as a proper recovery from it. They trifle with the subject and naturally enough the fellows about them do not look upon it very seriously either, quickly recovering from a disappointment, and taking on a new love as a means of amusement.

The practice of hiding engagements and of having a sort of half engagement, out of which one or the other party may escape without scandal, encourages this frivolity. It is not very probable that the custom which prevails among some of the Hebrews, of advertising an engagement like a marriage, will ever become the general fashion. But there is a good deal to be said in favor of it, for really the betrothal should be made of importance only secondary to the marriage itself.

At any rate, the fathers and mothers of daughters who engage themselves, will consult prudence and propriety if they refuse to lend their countenance to any plans for hiding the fact. Except in some rare cases, if the engagement may properly be made, it may with equal reason be made known. If there is any delicacy about announcing the betrothal, it is of the false sort; and if the man or woman is afraid to have it talked about, they ought not to enter into it.—*New York Sun.*

INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS, AT DENDERAH.

Denderah, which is an ancient town of Upper Egypt, is remarkable for its ruins, and the completeness which characterizes them. Foremost among these stands the temple of the goddess Athor, or Venus, which is inclosed, with some other structures, within a space a thousand feet square, by a wall of sun-dried brick, fifteen feet thick and thirty-five feet in height. In this wall a richly sculptured gateway faces the main building, bearing on and near it various inscriptions, and the names of some of the Roman emperors. The interior of the temple is most impressive, not only from the gigantic proportions of its pillars, and the mighty solitude of its lofty aisles, but from the vast number of hieroglyphics and carvings to be met at every turn. The portico is a hundred and thirty-five feet wide, with twenty-four columns arranged four deep, and each thirty-two feet high. The capitals have a full face of the presiding divinity on each of their four sides. The architrave is covered with sculptures representing a religious procession, and the fillet of the cornice bears an inscription in Greek to the effect that the portico was added in the time of Tiberius Cæsar, in honor of the goddess Aphrodite. On the ceiling of the portico is the celebrated basso relievo, supposed at one period to represent the signs of the Zodiac, and to be of very great antiquity, but as it lacks the sign of Cancer, scholars are agreed that it is not older than the Ptolemies.—*Sunday Magazine.*

GLOVES.

Who amongst women or who amongst men first decked the hand with the pliant skin of an animal? Necessity or elegance, which invented the first glove? And yet we know that gloves have been made from time immemorial. In ancient Rome, as well as Athens, the wearing of gloves was regarded as a mark of luxury and elegance. And in later days history relates that when the last scion of the dynasty of Suabia was driven to the scaffold by Charles of Anjou, conqueror at Champs du Lys, he justified in loud and haughty tones his title to the crown, and just before his death, thinking that he would invest some of his friends with the dignity which had been taken from himself, he threw his glove into the midst of the crowd, calling on a courageous man to pick it up and avenge his fate. In our days the glove appertains principally to private life, and is as much a matter of necessity as one's hat or coat.

TERRESTRIAL ADAPTATIONS.

In contemplating the system of terrestrial adaptations, these researches teach one to regard the mountain ranges and the great deserts of the earth as the astronomer does the counterpoises to his telescope—though they be mere dead weights, they are, nevertheless, necessary to make the balance complete, the adjustments of his machine perfect. These counterpoises give ease to the motions, stability to the performance, and accuracy to the workings of the instrument. They are "*compensations.*"

Whenever I turn to contemplate the works of nature, I am struck with the admirable system of compensation, with the beauty and nicety with which every department is poised by the others; things and principles are meted out in directions apparently the most opposite, but in proportion so exactly balanced and nicely adjusted that results the most harmonious are produced.

It is by the action of opposite and compensating forces that the earth is kept in its orbit, and the stars are held suspended in the azure vault of heaven; and these forces are so exquisitely adjusted, that, at the end of a thousand years, the earth, the sun, and moon, and every star in the firmament, is found to come and stand in its proper place at the proper moment.

Nay, philosophy teaches us that when the little snow-drop, which, in our garden walks we see raising its beautiful head, at "the singing of birds," to remind us that "the winter is past and gone," was created, the whole mass of the earth, from pole to pole, and from circumference to centre, must have been taken into account and weighed, in order that the proper degree of strength might be given to its tiny fibres.

Botanists tell us that the constitution of this plant is such as to require that, at a certain stage of its growth, the stalk should bend, and the flower should bow its head, that an operation may take place which is necessary in order that the herb should produce seed after its kind; and that, after this fecundation, its vegetable health requires that it should lift its head again and stand erect. Now, if the mass of the earth had been greater or less, the force of gravity would have been different; in that case, the strength of fibre in the snow-drop, as it is, would have been too much or too little; the plant could not bow or raise its head at the right time, fecundation could not take place, and its family would have become extinct with the first individual that was planted, because its "seed" would not have been "in itself," and therefore it could not have reproduced itself, and its creation would have been a failure.

Now, if we see such perfect adaptation, such exquisite adjustment, in the case of one of the smallest flowers of the field, how much more may we not expect "compensation" in the atmosphere and the ocean, upon the right adjustment and due performance of which depends not only the life of that plant, but the well being of every individual that is found in the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms of the world?—*Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea.*

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The custom is of very ancient observance. Its birth-place was Egypt. The tree there used was the palm, and the ceremony was in full force long before the days of Antony and Cleopatra. The palm puts forth a fresh shoot every month. In the time of the winter solstice, when parties were given in ancient Misraim, a spray of this tree, with twelve shoots, was suspended, to symbolize the completion of another year. The custom passed into Italy, where the fir-tree was employed for the purposes of celebration, and its pyramidal tips were decorated with burning candles in honor of Saturn. This festival, the Saturnalia, was observed at the winter solstice, from the 17th to the 21st of December. The Sigillaria days for interchanging presents, figures in wax like those on the Christmas tree, followed, and finally the Juvenalia, when men became boys with boys, matrons turned children once again, and young and old indulged in the solemn romps with which the festival closed. That the Egyptian tree passed into Germany may be seen in the pyramids, which sometimes there are substituted for the tree. But the antique northern mythology has supplied most of the observances. The Juel Fest was the midwinter "Wheel Feast," and the wheel represented the circling years, which end but to begin again.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

THE SORROWS OF GENIUS.

Homer was a beggar; Plautus turned a mill; Terence was a slave; Bœthius died in jail; Paul Borgheze had fourteen trades, and yet starved with them all; Tasso was often distressed for five shillings; Bentivoglio was refused admit tance into an hospital he had himself erected! Cervantes died of hunger; the celebrated writer of "Lusiad," ended his days, it is said, in an almshouse, and at any rate was supported by a faithful black servant, who begged in the streets of Lisbon for the only man in Portugal, on whom God had bestowed those talents which have a tendency to erect the spirit of downward age; and Vagelas left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts as far as the money would go; Bacon lived a life of meanness and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Spencer, the charming, died in want; the death of Collins came through neglect, first causing mental derangement; Milton sold his copyright of "Paradise Lost" for fifteen pounds, at three payments, and finished his life in obscurity; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Otway died prematurely, and through hunger; Lee died in the street; Steele lived a life of perfect warfare with bailiffs; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to save him from the grip of the law; Fielding lies in the burying-ground of the English factory at Lisbon, without a stone to mark the spot; Savage died in prison at Bristol where he was confined for the debt of eight pounds; Butler lived a life of penury and died poor; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself.

Selections.

Danger past; God is too often forgotten.

Some of the chords of the heart are untouched by prosperity.

That is but an ill devotion which goes no farther than our prayers.

The true worth of a soul is revealed as much by the motives it attributes to the actions of others as by its own deeds.

The youth who does not look up will look down: and a spirit that does not soar is destined to grovel.—*Disraeli.*

Truths hang together in a chain of mutual dependence; you cannot draw one link without attracting others.

Never did a believer in Jesus Christ die or drown in his voyage to heaven. They will all be found safe and sound with the Lamb on Mount Zion.—*Thrall.*

They who stand in high stations wish for higher; but they who have occupied the highest of all often think with regret of some one pleasanter left below.

The costliest ornaments are often the simplest. There is no gold, nor jewel, nor sparkling pearl equal to the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it will in turn look surly upon you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.—*Thackeray.*

All days in the year are Christ's, but He hath marked out one in seven as peculiarly His own—He hath made it or marked it out; just as He planted a garden in Eden, so He hath fenced about this day, and made it His own. —*McCheyne.*

There is sanctity in suffering when meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting while it tortures. Cast it away, and, like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

Every man stamps his value on himself. The price we challenge for ourselves is given us. There does not live on earth a man, be his station what it may, that I despise myself compared with him. Man is made great or little by his own will.—*Schiller.*

"Great men," says Themistocles, "are like the oaks, under the branches of which men are happy in finding a refuge in the time of storm and rain." But when they have to spend a sunny day under them, they take pleasure in cutting the bark and breaking the branches.

Two things are necessary for true glory, power and bounty; the former without the latter causes terror; the second without the first inspires contempt. Unite bounty and power, and you will win admiration; add power to bounty, and you will win love. All the miracles that Jesus wrought were favors, and all manifested His glory.

God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts;
who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best;
His state is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve who only stand and wait.
—*John Milton.*

Therefore, if you aspire to be a son of consolation—if you would partake of the priestly gift of sympathy—if you would pour something beyond common-place consolation into a tempted heart—if you would pass through the intercourse of daily life with the delicate tact which never inflicts pain—if, to that most acute of human ailments, mental doubts, you are ever to give effectual succor, you must be content to pay the price of the costly education. Like Him, you must suffer—being tempted.—*F. W. Robertson.*

Science and Art.

WHITE EFFLORESENCE ON BRICKS.—A white incrustation which frequently disfigures the outsides of brick buildings in cities, has received attention from the microscopists of the Philadelphia County Medical Society. The deposit is found to consist of Epsom salts. The base of the compound is furnished by the bricks, magnesia being a frequent ingredient in ordinary clay; the sulphuric acid which unites with magnesia to make the incrustation, is derived from the impurities of the coal and coal-gas consumed in the city. The formation of salt on the bricks is rather beneficial than otherwise to public health.

A SUBMERGED CITY IN THE LAKE OF GENEVA.—A strange discovery is reported from the Lake of Geneva. A tourist having lost his trunk, two divers were employed to search for it. While they were below water they found what they supposed to be a village, since covered by the lake. Their statements led to an i vestigation of the spot by the municipal authorities, who took measures to ascertain the truth of the extraordinary account of the divers. On covering the placid surface with oil, these latter were able to distinguish the plan of the town, streets, squares, and detached houses making the bed of the lake. The ruddy hue which characterized them led the observers to suppose that the buildings had been covered with the famous vermilion cement which was used by the Celts, Cimbri, and the early Gauls. There are about 200 houses arranged over an oblong surface, near the middle of which is a space more open, supposed to have been used for public assemblages. At the eastern extremity lies a large square tower, which was taken for a rock. A superficial investigation seems to indicate that the construction of these buildings dates from some centuries before our era The Council of Vaud has decided to have the site of the buildings inclosed by a jetty stretching from the land, and to drain off the water, so as to bring to light what promises to be one of the most interesting archæological discoveries of our day.—*London Telegraph.*

A QUESTION OF CLIMATE.—A Swedish paper just received publishes an interesting article under the heading, "Why is the Climate of Europe growing Colder?" The article states that in the Bay of Komenok, near Koma, in Greenland, fossil and very characteristic remains of palm and other trees have been discovered lately, which tend to show that in these parts formerly a rich vegetation must have existed. But the ice period of geologists arrived, and, as a consequence of the decreasing temperature, this fine vegetation was covered with ice and snow. This sinking in the temperature, which moved in a southerly direction, as can be proved by geological data, *i. e.*, the discovery of fossil plants of certain species, seems to be going on in our days also. During the last few years the ice has increased far towards the south; thus between Greenland and the Arctic Sea colossal masses of ice have accumulated. On European coasts navigators now frequently find ice in latitudes where it never existed before during the summer months, and the cold reigning upon the Scandinavian peninsula this summer results from the masses of ice which are floating in the region where the Gulf Stream bends towards our coasts. This is a repetition of the observations made in the cold summer of 1865. The unaccustomed vicinity of these masses of ice has rendered the climate of Iceland so cold that corn no longer ripens there, and the Icelanders, in fear of a coming famine and icy climate, begin to found a new home in North America.—*Littell's Living Age.*

Personal.

Rev. Edward Abbott, late editor of the *Congregationalist*, is about to enter the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Meissonier is painting for the next Salon a picture which is to form a pendant to the celebrated "Waterloo Charge." It is an early morning scene, and represents cuirassiers in line of battle ready for action.

Prince Humbert, who has succeeded to the throne of Victor Emanuel in Italy, is thirty-three years old, a brave soldier, and inclined to his father's policy. Any change he may make in it will be in the anti clerical interest.

Baron Tauchnitz, the Leipzig publisher, whose "Collection of British Authors" has made his name known throughout the world, has been nominated by the King of Saxony to a life peerage in the upper house of the Saxon Parliament.

Rev. Dr. Frederick William Farrar, canon of Westminster, whose sermon against hell has made such a sensation in the religious world, is 46 years old. He is the author of a number of works of fiction, philology and theology, but is best known by his "Life of Christ," which, for several years, has been considered a biography of undoubted orthodoxy.

Mr. Alexander H. Stephens says that when he entered Congress, in 1843, one of the first deep impressions made upon his mind was by Rufus Choate. He describes Choate, at that time, as a remarkable looking man of medium-size, with raven locks, a striking black eye, a pallid cheek, a bearing as if fully charged with his subject, and his hand trembling as if with electricity.

The Hon. Richard T. Haley, of Kentucky, has written to Judah P. Penjamin in London, urging him to endeavor to leave the question settled as to what shall be done with the twelve millions of dollars, said to be still lying in the vaults of the Bank of England, belonging to the late Confederate Government, by inducing her Majesty's Government to transfer it to some properly appointed commission in this country, to be used in supplying artificial limbs to needy ex-Confederates, and in such other manner as said proposed commission may determine.

Books and Periodicals.

THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS SCAPEGOAT; or, Truth and Falsehood. From the German of Gustave Nieritz by E. M. G. Philadelphia: James A. Moore, 1220-1224 Sansom St. 1877. 18mo. Cloth. Pp. 242. Price $1.00.

This is the first of what is called the "Ivy Series," which is to be made up of twelve volumes of popular stories, translated from the best German authors, and put up in a neat box appropriate for a child's library.

NEW VOLUME OF LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The first two numbers of the new volume of *The Living Age*, bearing date January 5th and 12th, respectively, have the following noteworthy contents: Russian Aggression as specially affecting Austria, Hungary and Turkey, by Louis Kossuth, ex Governor of Hungary, *Contemporary Review;* Erica, a fine German serial, by Frau von Ingersleben, translated for *The Living Age;* Humming Birds, by Alfred Russell Wallace, *Fortnightly Review;* Doris Barugh, a Yorkshire Story, by Catharine S. Macquoid, author of "Patty," etc.; On the Hygienic Value of Plants in Rooms and the Open Air, by Prof. Max von Pettenkofer, *Contemporary;* Within the Precincts, a new story by Mrs. Oliphant, from advance sheets; Florence and the Medici, by J. A. Symonds, *Fortnightly;* Charlotte Bronte, *Cornhill;* Heligoland, *Macmillan;* Rugby Football, *Tatler;* Forgetfulness, *Spectator,* etc.; together with the usual choice poetry and miscellany. In the next weekly number a new serial by William Black will be begun, from advance sheets, which promises to be his best work.

To new subscribers for 1878, the last seven numbers of 1877, containing the first parts of the German serial, and a story by Miss Thackeray, with other valuable matter, are sent gratis. For fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year), the subscription price ($8) is low; or for $10.50 any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age*, for a year, both post-paid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

THE SUNDAY AT HOME for January, 1878. Contents: Muriel's Key-note; Time a Preparation for Eternity; Hymns of the Early Church; Christ and the Teachers of His Time; An Incident in the Life of the late Captain Sir William Peel, K. C. B.; A Recollection of the Indian Mutiny; Is Quakerism Declining?; Snow; Edinburgh Sunday Free Breakfasts; The Fisherman's Widow; Highgate Cemetery; Foxe's "Book of Martyrs;" The Invalid's Portion and Thoughts for the Afflicted; The Pulpit in the Family; Poetry; Sabbath Thoughts; Pages for the Young; Scripture Exercises; Monthly Religious Record. American Sunday-School Union. Agents for the United States.

THE LUTHERAN QUARTERLY, edited by J. A. Brown, D. D., with the special coöperation of M. Valentine, D. D., S. Sprecher, D. D., A. C. Wedekind, D. D., C. A. Stork, D. D., J. H. W. Stuckenberg, D. D. Vol. VIII., No. I. January, 1878. Contents: The Allentown Church Case, Relation of the American Colleges to Christianity; The Augsburg Confession and the Thirty-Nine Articles of Anglican Church; Prayer-Cures; Use and Abuse of Denominationalism; Interpretation of Philippians ii. 6, 7; Literary Intelligence; Notices of New Publications.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 1752.—January 12, 1878. Contents: Florence and the Medici, *Fortnightly Review;* Doris Barugh, *Good Words;* Russian Aggression as Specially affecting Austria-Hungary and Turkey, *Contemporary Review;* Erica, *Frau von Ingersleben;* Within the Precincts, *Advance Sheets;* Rugby Football, *Tatler.* Poetry: A Summer Evening, The Honest Farmer, A Man's Regret, At Her Door, A Moment. Miscellany.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D.,
Rev. J. M. TITZEL,
Rev. E. E. HIGBEE, D. D.,
} Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see first page.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1878.

RECENT UTTERANCES ON ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

The entire religious world at times seems to be a "seething cauldron." There is no better evidence of the vague and unsettled opinions of men than the fact, that almost any one may raise an issue which will divide them, and bring many to the front in advocacy of doubts in regard to questions which have long been looked upon as settled as far as the testimony of the Church, and the common belief of Christians are concerned.

The last illustration of this,—one that has attracted attention for some weeks past, is, a doubt that has been raised in regard to the eternal punishment of the wicked, and even as to whether every possible idea of a hell should not be banished from the thoughts of men altogether. The speck not bigger than a man's hand first appeared in the horizon, when a Mr. Merriam, repudiated the doctrine of everlasting torment before a Congregational council, which in turn refused to install him as pastor of a church, to which he had been called. Afterwards, we are told, at the examination of the Rev. T. T. Munger, candidate for the pastorate of the Congregational Church of North Adams, Mass., a long paper was read by him, in which were expressed his views of future punishment. In this he said: "I utterly reject the opinion, that the great masses of mankind are subjected to endless pains in the future world; the heathen, the ignorant of Christian lands, the simply moral, who fall short of a technical standard, the unchurched masses, the common run of humanity. I have no belief in inflicted punishment save as it comes through the laws inherent in our nature and conduct." Mr. Munger propounded the theory that moral law works out its own penalty. After much discussion, the council, of which ex-President Hopkins, of Williams College, President Porter of Yale, and Dr. Buckingham, of Springfield, were members, unanimously decided to install Mr. Munger.

Then Mr. Beecher blew his trumpet not for the first time, in which he could not decide between "sweeping mud enough into heaven to defile it," or writing down the Almighty as a tyrant. Meanwhile an attempt was made to get the statistics of orthodoxy, and circulars were sent to nearly all the congregational ministers in western counties of Massachusetts, in which the following questions were submitted: I. Do you teach that endless conscious suffering awaits the impenitent? II. Would you have voted to install Rev. Mr. Merriam?

The whole number of persons addressed was ninety-six, of whom only forty-seven responded. Of these, forty-one state they teach the doctrine specified in the 1st proposition, while four declare that they do not. Of thirty-four persons, who express themselves upon the 2d inquiry, seven would have voted for Mr. Merriam's installation and twenty-seven against. "It is rather significant, though perhaps not unnatural," says the *Christian Union*, "that the persons who represent themselves as refusing to teach the doctrine of eternal punishment request that their names may be withheld from publication." The census thus taken, and the believers of eternal punishment having a large majority, Mr. Beecher still declares that the doctrine, that the "wicked are cast into eternal torments, is no longer preached by any orthodox ministers of note, and would hardly be listened to by any orthodox Congregation."

To add to all this, Canon Farrar has lately taken his grammar into Westminster Abbey to show that such words as "everlasting" and "hell" have peculiar meanings in the Scripture, which limit the sufferings of the damned. Dean Stanley too, it is said, has favored the same views.

It is wonderful to see what an excitement this has produced. Sermons bearing upon the subject have been preached, noted ministers have been interviewed, and men are all agog. Universalists are rejoicing, and those who would like to console themselves, with the thought that with this life ends woes and all, are hopeful. One thing is remarkable, in the case before us, as in nearly all others that are being so largely discussed in these days. There is hardly an argument against the main fact held by Christians in all ages, that does not contain just enough truth in it to make the falsehood the more dangerous. Men are trying to reconstruct their theories of subjects divinely revealed, just as they are forced, at times, to reconstruct their theories of physical science. And they often think that when their former notions of things, and the false grammar and exegesis by which they were apparently supported, totter and fall, the truth itself is gone. But truth remains for all that.

Mr. Beecher may have been taught to look upon God as a tyrant, outwardly and arbitrarily inflicting torment for sin which carries with it its own punishment, but he has no right now to say, that those who reject the divine interposition to save them in Christ, have anything to hope. What other escape have men from the punishment, which Mr. Munger says comes through laws inherent to our nature and conduct? They can never remove the cause that produces the effect. Leaving the heathen world to the mercy of God, it is vain to say, that "the simply moral, who fall short of a technical standard, the unchurched masses, the common run of humanity" will be saved. The point at issue is whether there is any necessity for a Christ at all, or at least for any personal relation to Him in order to salvation; and it is not strange that assertions involving so vital a question, should meet with prompt and earnest denial.

PAYING CHURCH DEBTS.

Mr. Kimball still seems to be succeeding as a debt-paying evangelist. Churches rejoice at his triumphs over the evil that of late has rested with night-mare terror upon them. From an exchange we learn, that "San Francisco sent a card to New York, signed by nearly all the prominent pastors of the former city, which, after saying that twelve churches had paid an aggregate indebtedness of $170,000," thinks Mr. Kimball has a special mission in this regard, and should be set apart to the one particular service. Thus far, we have noticed no impropriety in the manner of the work. In some cases congregations have continued in session whole days, like an army before a city in a state of siege, sending out for reinforcements and even rations; but this has not surpassed the world-zeal that makes friends and lawyers sit for weeks over some man's books, in the hope of relieving him from embarrassment by paying his creditors one hundred cents on a dollar. "The children of this world are wise in their generation," and we should learn from them lessons of honesty and even enthusiasm. If churches, in flush times, have been carried along by a current which has led to an extravagant outlay in building, they are yet bound to honor their contracts, and should show as much zeal in such things as in their private interests.

The excitement that bids fair to pass over the church, may be born in a storm, and we are not disposed to place too much confidence in its success; it may be like the great fire of London, which burned down the city, yet if it burns out the plague, let us not find fault with it.

But the *Methodist* "has been there," and is suspicious of the general effects of the furor in this regard. It affirms Mr. Kimball's method of raising church debts was invented by the late Dr. Eddy, who was employed for that purpose by leading ministers. The plan, according to the *Methodist*, is twenty years old, and is not to be spoken of as a new-born child. Our contemporary says: "We are not anxious, however, to claim much for Methodism in this matter; for though at first the custom had some good results, it is, on the whole, detrimental to religion." Among its faults are: "1st. More is subscribed than can be collected. 2d. False motives—publicity, etc.—are appealed to in raising subscriptions. 3d. The hope of such a 'raising' by a big beggar induces societies to build beyond their means. Pastors can usually raise more *good* subscriptions by private talks with members."

As bearing on the general subject, the same paper says: "A Mortified Methodist" closes a letter in the *Southern Christian Advocate* with the following "rousement": "Fifty thousand Christians protest against holding any more 'circus missionary meetings.' The humblest one of all the number has a right to forbid the bands of this unseemly union between flippancy and solemn missionary appeals." We are moved to say, Amen!

All this has an especial lesson for our Church. We have had no great gush for some of the movements of the day, because we were convinced that the regular ministry of the gospel would, after all, secure the best results for the kingdom of God, and events have served to prove that we were right. So, too, in regard to the liquidation of the financial obligations of our congregations and our denomination. We should not need an especial outside agent to tell us of our duty and to incite us to its performance. Yet the movements of the day, have a right side too, and if we, with all our boasts of dignified protestant churchliness, continue indifferent to our pecuniary obligations, or think we are justified in pushing into the future what might be attended to without delay, we must not be astonished at the rebukes administered by the greater zeal of those around us.

A CHARACTERISTIC FEATURE.

A characteristic feature of a living Christian faith is that it leads us to act not from low, groveling selfishness, but from love, and always with a view to the honor and glory of God. If, therefore, the fear of punishment, the hope of reward, or any other selfish object, alone causes us to seek to leave off evil and strive after that which is good, we may safely conclude that there is still something wanting to constitute us true heirs of the kingdom of heaven.

By what has just been stated we would not, however, be understood to assert, that the motives mentioned should have no effect on us whatever. He is foolish indeed who has no regard at all for his own happiness. The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us, that Moses esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt, because he had respect to the recompense of reward. The hope of reward, we may infer accordingly, is not to be considered as an improper motive. But, nevertheless, it should not by any means be made the chief cause of our piety.

Religion is not as one of England's gifted, but erring geniuses has called it, "the twin sister of selfishness." As Christians we ought, indeed, to be the least selfish of all men. The object of our existence should be to honor God. And if we truly love Him, as we will if we be truly His children, we cannot help but at all times act with an eye single to His glory. The power of love, that is the silver link, the silken tie, that should bind us to heaven!

Now do we possess this power? Not, if we prefer our own gratification to the honor of God; not, if we fear to profess Him when unbelievers affect to laugh at our credulity, or the giddy throng of fashion charges us with being foolishly pious! But if we are engaged in laboring faithfully for Christ, if He is the centre of our existence, if all our thoughts and actions culminate in Him, if He is, indeed, to us the bright and morning star, then may we rejoice and be glad, and entertain a lively hope that we have been plucked as brands from the fire and become rightful heirs to the heavenly Canaan. T.

CERTAINLY WE WILL.

The *Lutheran Observer* asks whether the MESSENGER will please make a correction of its misstatement, in regard to what Dr. Conrad said before the Lutheran Diet. Certainly; we will always be glad to correct any statement which has done a brother injustice. Dr. Conrad did *not* say, that the *Augsburg Confession* was an *infallible* rule of faith. That is what he affirmed of the *Holy Scriptures*, and the reporter for the *Ledger*, from which we took the notice, mixed things. We inserted an interrogation point after the word "infallible," to express our doubts as to whether Dr. Conrad had said such a foolish thing, but our inquiry would be construed by an ordinary reader into a doubt about the thing itself. That was our awkwardness, for which we publicly make a square, manly apology.

THE MERCERSBURG REVIEW.

The January number of this theological quarterly fully maintains its already well-earned reputation for vigor and originality of thought. It does not seek to rest easily and contentedly on the success which it has attained in the past, in leading in the way of theological progress, but pushes on to the discussion of new themes considered under new aspects, answerable to the advance of religious thought in the Christian world.

The number opens with a trenchant article from the pen of one of its oldest contributors, Dr. J. Williamson Nevin, on Sacred Hermeneutics. The eminent ability of the article as a polemic, which at first calls forth the admiration of the reader, is overshadowed by the intense earnestness with which it lays bare prevailing error in order to make way for the truth. It is a bold assault on the current modes of Biblical interpretation, inspired in every line with a reverend desire to save the sacred volume from being dragged down to the level of mere naturalism, to which it is exposed in the hands of our modern analyzing and dissecting exegesis. Its earnest candor and sincerity, as well as its marked ability, should arrest attention on the part of all who feel a true interest in the paramount importance of the revelation which God has made to the world through His holy word.

The second article is by Dr. C. Z. Weiser, on Revelation and Science, a subject which is commanding a large share of attention on the part of Biblical scholars and scientists at the present time. The article is scholarly and at the same time popular. The writer takes the position, that revelation and science are concerned with two distinct spheres, the one revealing the mysteries of a supernatural world, the other seeking to explore the mysteries of the natural creation, and, therefore, there should be no collision between the two any more than between two separate and distinct professions. The argument is pressed with a great deal of force and ability, and serves to show that much of the apparent conflict between revelation and science arises from attempts to make the one answer questions which belong only to the sphere of the other. Yet while we acknowledge the force of the argument, we cannot resist the feeling that there is still a "middle territory," like that between France and Germany, an Alsace and Lorraine, for which many battles are yet to be fought. The difficulty lies in drawing the dividing line between the two. But it is certain, if the writer's theory were regarded, much unnecessary strife would find an end. Dr. Weiser is always fresh and instructive, and gives evidence that he does not allow his scholarship to rust. His contributions always add interest to the *Review*.

Abelard and Heloise is an interesting biographical and historical article. The original is from Dr. Khanis, and the translation is furnished by Prof. N. C. Schaeffer. The writer has done good service to the *Review* by rendering into pure English this valuable contribution. It is, in its way, a literary gem, well calculated to set off the excellence of the weighty theological articles by which it is surrounded. More similar contributions would add much to the variety as well as interest of the *Review*.

The third article is on the Wonders of the Bible, by Dr. E. W. Reinecke. It has the merit of brevity, but is sufficiently lengthy to open up a subject of great interest.

The article by Dr. Gerhart, on A Spiritual Mind Prerequisite to Right Judgment on Holy Scripture, is occupied with an important theme, connected likewise with the Book of books. It is somewhat remarkable, that so many articles in this number of the *Review* should happen to fall on the same general subject. While the first article is concerned with the principle of interpretation objectively considered, this has to do with the qualification on the part of the subject for a right understanding of the word of God. It may be regarded as a commentary on our Lord's words, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear."

Rev I. E. Græff discusses a topic of Current History, in a clear, forcible manner, and Dr. M. Kieffer the subject entitled Atonement. We cannot dwell upon these closing articles, as their merits deserve. The article on Atonement views the subject from a new and original point of view. According to the writer, the essential characteristics that enter into the idea of atonement universally, are *sacrifice* and *Sacrament*. The one is an out-flowing act of love from God to man, the other a response in the way of return from man to God, and by these two processes the at-one-ment between God and man is accomplished. In the light of this idea, the atonement made by our Lord at once falls in with the universal law of the relation between the Creator and the creature.

The book-notices are of more than ordinary interest, both in regard to the valuable character of the works noticed, and the diligence and care which the editor has bestowed upon their criticism.

On account of numerous engagements, Dr. Higbee withdraws from the position of associate editor, which he has filled for two years, and the *Review* will continue to be edited hereafter by Dr. Thos. G. Apple, who has had charge of it since the death of Dr. Harbaugh, in 1867, and who has done his work to the satisfaction of all.

Notes and Quotes.

At the dinner given to John G. Whittier, in Boston on the 17th of Dec., Oliver Wendell Holmes, styled him. "Holy George Herbert *cut loose from the Church.*" That was intended as a compliment, but it exactly marks the difference between the two poets.

The Senate of Tennessee has passed a bill to adopt the Moffett whiskey register (recently introduced in Virginia) as a means of collecting taxes in the States. The next thing it will be used for collecting pew rents and pastors' salaries. Nothing like outward appliances to keep up honesty.

If we are true to ourselves we will be willing to learn even from those who are disposed to shoot out the lip and shake the head; and it may be well enough for us to ask whether the *Independent* is not right in saying there must be something wrong with a Church, which with 647 ministers and 144,558 members, can not find one man willing and qualified to go as a missionary to Japan.

The *Alliance*, recommending a new medicine, says, "were Paul now living, he would commend it to Timothy instead of common wine." It thinks when he advised the use of the latter, he had "no wide margin to select from,—no tea or coffee or distilled drink. Wine was not only good, but it was the only alternative next to water or milk." Well! the apostle would have no lack of mixtures to choose from in these days, and he would probably find the patentees claiming, that their nostrums were sure preventives of

drunkenness. But it is ridiculous to think of the proprietors of adulterated Rum, or fancy Bitters waiting on him at the various points of his missionary journeys and offering him a dozen bottles as samples, or boring him for a certificate. And then the thought of his making favorable mention of some elixir at Mars Hill, or recommending it in an epistle to Timothy at Ephesus or Titus at Crete! Has not the *Alliance* presumed upon what the apostle would do, if he were living now? If not, let a note be inserted in the revised New Testament, saying, that this advanced age of quack medicines throws new light upon the Apostolic commission. No wonder that the medical profession in particular, and the public in general are "afraid of some new cures for bodily infirmities." It will not do to link these "remarkable discoveries," to piety, like a savings-bank-bill, harnessed to a moral reform movement, before a modern Legislature.

For The Messenger.

THE MEADVILLE CHARGE.

Messrs. Editors:—There are times in the history of churches, as well as of individuals, that are characterized by particular and interesting events, and these events become landmarks to which we often revert with pleasure.

This is all the more so, when results have been gained amidst much opposition and untoward circumstances. And in a general way it is true, that in western Pennsylvania, whatever praiseworthy work is accomplished for our Reformed Church, is always the result of hard work, accompanied, of course, with God's blessing. We have not here a certain *prestige*, which you have in the East, and all around us are sister Denominations, with large and influential churches of age and influence.

The "Meadville charge" has all along been in only a formative state. It has had its *ups* and *downs*. At times it has been self-supporting, then again, a mission point. For nearly two years now, however, it supports its pastor, and is nicely fixed for future prosperity.

During the year just closing, there has been active work within our bounds. Both the churches, one in the city, the other on "Dutch Hill," have been remodeled and handsomely frescoed. It is without boasting we say it, that this charge has now the neatest and most comfortable churches in this Classis.

And what is most satisfactory, *all is paid for*. As to the character of the repairs and appearance, the Rev. Dr. Fisher has kindly spoken of it in a notice of the meeting of the Pittsburgh Synod. That, however, was only about the church in Meadville. The church on "Dutch Hill" is equally neat and comfortable. And for a country church has none to surpass it in Crawford county.

We are thankful to God, that this work has been accomplished and also for the noble spirit generally manifested by the membership, as well as others, while it was being done. During much of the time when this work was going forward, the pastor was seriously sick; but other faithful and true men carried forward the banner; success is the end!

But an action lately taken in the Meadville congregation, by which we have now three-fourths of the services in the English language, has caused the usual trouble incident to such a change. We have privately and publicly explained the absolute necessity of such a step, and prayed that the divine Master shall enlighten all to see, that the future good of our work depends upon it. But it is highly probable, that some will not receive our explanations, nor remain with us in the future. Alas! how often has the Reformed Church had just *this* evil to overcome. We almost feel like organizing no more German churches, where, like in this case, there are but a *few* persons who cannot understand the English. PASTOR

Meadville, Pa., Dec. 28th, 1877.

For The Messenger.

KANSAS; A NOTE.

In concluding my brief communication to the "MESSENGER of the 9th inst., I invited correspondence, especially from our Church members, contemplating to move to this section, that we might in course of time, establish our own Church here. I should have added, when offering to give information by private letters, that parties desiring such, should send stamps to pay necessary postage, and material for writing. Every one will agree with me, that it is sufficient, as a work of charity, when a man offers to give his time and labor gratuitously. Surely no more than a man's time and labor should be expected for nothing, if even he is a minister, who, as a matter of course, is expected to do much of his work gratis, whether he can afford it or not, and pay besides for the charitable privilege.

I have started inquiries from many quarters, so that only those who will send stamps, may look for answers. Many ask questions in regard to the prices of *raw* and *improved* lands; their distances from this city; their productive capacities. Many inquire about the climate, water, wood, and coal; others about the cereals and stock raising; questions are asked about this or that kind of labor, wages, etc.; about mercantile and other business. Questions which to answer properly, would often require that I should first go out and make special inquiry about. Some go so far as to ask me to hunt up farms for them to rent; others to find employment for them, etc. Brethren, please do not expect too much from a volunteer.

I might answer many of these inquiries through the columns of the "MESSENGER," but I am aware too, that even editors, do not like to be bored in this way.

I am willing to answer any reasonable amount of questions by private letters, provided at least the postage is prepaid by seekers of information.

L. C. EDMONDS.

Emporia, Kansas, Dec. 29th, 1877.

CHRISTMAS REJOICINGS.

Our California brethen also, it seems, had their Christmas rejoicings. The Rev. F. Fox has furnished us with some of the particulars. The Sunday-school of the church at San Francisco, with its more than one hundred scholars, had its Christmas tree, richly laden with gifts, and made the occasion one of pleasure and joy to both young and old. At Napa City, they departed from the usual custom. Instead of a Christmas tree, they erected a temple, which was illuminated by a large number of tapers; and succeeded in securing the admiration of all, even of staid anti-Christmas Puritans. At Stockton, especially, under the lead of the Rev. J. Fuendeling, who has recently taken charge of this field, they had a more than usually pleasant time of it. The church was not large enough to hold more than half of the people, who flocked to witness the services, and admire the artistic adornments with which the church was beautified. Oregon and Washington Territory had not yet been heard from, but will doubtless report in due season. Great as was the pleasure connected with the festivities of the season, the reporter thinks they would have been still greater, had these toiling missionaries been permitted to receive the appropriations now due them for the last three quarters. It is hoped, however, that they will not be much longer withheld.

Very interesting Christmas services were held in the Second Reformed church, Harrisburg, Pa., of which the Rev. G. W. Snyder is pastor. The church was handsomely decorated, and the time-honored Christmas tree, richly laden with gifts for the Sunday school scholars, had its appropriate place. An address was delivered by the pastor, and a number of speeches made and dialogues performed by the children. Other recitations appropriate to the season were also had. A prominent feature of the occasion was the musical entertainment afforded by Prof. J. H. Kurzenknabe, who was assisted by three of his sons, two of whom are quite young in years, though proficient in musical skill. The words and music used, with two exceptions, were also the professor's own production. The whole was quite a success, and ministered greatly to the pleasure of the large audience, who had favored the occasion with their presence.

The St. John's church at Shamokin, Pa., Rev. D. O. Shoemaker, pastor, as we learn from a communication published in the Shamokin *Times*, had quite an interesting Christmas festival. During the whole week previous, busy hands and warm hearts were engaged in adorning the church and on such other preparations as were deemed necessary to make the occasion one of pleasure and profit. Complete success was the result. The decorations and other attractions were all that could have been desired. A large assemblage was drawn together. The regular Christmas service was used, and happily rendered. The pastor made an appropriate address, briefly explaining the significance of the gifts and of the various adornments. Rev. Mr. Davies, pastor of the Welsh Congregational church of the place, was present, and added some appropriate remarks. The whole passed off very pleasantly, and, it is hoped, salutary impressions were made upon the minds and hearts of all present.

From a report published in the *Valley Echo*, of the 1st instant, we learn, that the Christmas festival was appropriately observed by the church at Greencastle, Pa., of which the Rev. John H. Sykes is pastor. The audience chamber was handsomely decorated for the occasion, and the indispensable Christmas tree, with its gifts, occupied its prominent place. The audience, including the children of the Sunday-school, filled the church to overflowing. The services consisted of singing, prayer, repeating of the Creed, antiphonal readings, address by the pastor, and distribution of gifts, closing with the Lord's Prayer, repeated in unison, and the doxology. It was a pleasant and profitable occasion to all who were present. It may not be improper to add, that the members of the congregation did not forget the pastor and his family, during the holiday season, but favored them with valuable and appropriate gifts, among which was an overcoat for the pastor, to protect him against cold in his visits amongst them during the winter months.

The church at Harmony, Pa., the pastor, the Rev. F. A. Edmonds, reports, spent a very happy and profitable Christmas season with their Sunday-school. Of course, we take it for granted, that the services usually observed on such occasions, took place, and crowds were on hand to witness or participate in them.

As they have been wont for years past, the members of the Reformed church of Frederick city, Md., did not fail to pass the Christmas festival in a very pleasant and becoming manner. On the evening before Christmas special services were held with the Sunday-school connected with the English church, of which the Rev. E. R. Eschbach is pastor. The church was handsomely decorated for the occasion. A variety of hymns and anthems were sung. Recitations were also had with the children. An address was delivered by the pastor, and a collection taken up for the benefit of the Orphans' Homes amounting to $69. The exercises passed off very happily, and a good impression, it is believed, was left upon all who were present.

The St. John's German church, of which the Rev. Herman Bielfeld is pastor, held their Christmas services on Christmas eveing. Their church also was appropriately decorated, and the several services were well rendered. An address was delivered by the Rev. E. R. Eschbach, who was present by special invitation. It was an occasion of interest and pleasure to all who witnessed the services or participated in them.

The children at St. Paul's Orphans' Home, Butler, Pa., had also their Christmas festival, through the aid of kind friends. It afforded them much enjoyment, and the special services in which they engaged, as well as the addresses of the Superintendent and Rev. C. A. Limberg, were the source of much pleasure to those who had so kindly remembered the orphans.

The St. Paul's church of Waynesboro, Pa., spent a very pleasant Christmas season. An immense Christmas tree was erected, and other emblematic adornments were on hand. Delightful music, and appropriate services, contributed largely to the pleasure of the occasion.

As we learn from "*The Littlestown News*," the Reformed people of that place, did not come behind any of their neighbors in their efforts to mark the Christmas season, a profitable as well as joyous occasion. Beautiful decorations were by no means wanting. Interesting and attractive services were held; and to this all acquainted with the Rev. Prof. W. E. Krebs, will at once admit, most excellent music was added, when it is stated that he presided at the organ.

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in the Durham charge, Bucks county, Pa., of which the Rev. D. Rothrock is pastor, during the month of December last. Twenty-eight persons were received into full communion with the church, fourteen at Durham and fourteen at Nockamixon. Two of the number received adult baptism. Several weeks ago, an aged lady, in her ninetieth year, was also confirmed at her own home, she being too feeble to attend at the church. This makes the additions to the church during the past year twenty-nine. A very interesting Christmas service was also held at Nockamixon church. The attendance on all these occasions was very good.

On New Year's morning, as we learn from the *Lebanon Courier*, of the 9th instant, the seventeenth anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. George Wolff over the church at Meyerstown, Pa., was celebrated in connection with appropriate services, upon which a large congregation attended. It was a reunion of the catechumens confirmed by the pastor, and proved an occasion of deeply solemn interest. Rev. D. F. Brendle and Rev. Prof. W. M. Reily were present and took part in the services. From a report presented, it appears, that four hundred persons were added to the church by confirmation during the seventeen years' pastorate. Of this number, three hundred and eight are still connected with the congregation; forty-seven were dismissed to other congregations; twenty-four have deceased; the names of fourteen have been erased from the roll of members; the present relations of six are unknown, and one has been excommunicated.

Salem's church, Allentown, Pa., Rev. A. J. G. Dubbs, pastor, was, on New Year's day, the favored recipient of a large bell. The members were taken completely by surprise. The bell was hauled to the church, and in a few hours, properly hung in the church tower. The bell is a gift of Nathan Weiler, and was cast by Edmund Gough, of Allentown. It weighs eighteen hundred and twenty-three pounds, and has a deep sonorous tone. It is said to be the largest bell in the city. It is intended in a short time to dedicate it to the purposes to which it has been appropriated.

Quite a number of pastors have recently been favored with surprise visits from members of their congregations, which not only afforded some tangible evidence of an appreciation of their services, but also added considerably to their supply of the good things of this life. Among this number were the Rev. T. C. Leinbach, of the Bernville charge, and the Rev. T. N. Reber, of the Macungie charge. In both instances, the anniversary of the pastor's birthday was improved in the way indicated. Rev. P. P. A. Hoffman, of Oley, Pa., was favored in a similar way in connection with the late Christmas season. We have also to add, that the members of the Rev. A. Houtz's charge, with other friends, took advantage of his temporary absence, to surprise him on his return with a visit, which all much enjoyed, and netted him $30 in cash and $75 in produce, etc., for all which he will not fail to manifest his gratitude.

In connection with the fall communion in the Reamstown, Pa., charge, of which the Rev. S. Schweitzer is pastor, thirty-two persons were added to the church by confirmation.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

The new church recently erected by the Heidelberg congregation, at Marion, Franklin county, Pa., of which the Rev. H. I. Comfort is pastor, was dedicated to the worship of God on Saturday, the 29th of December. Appropriate services were held in connection with the occasion, in which the pastor was assisted by the Rev. Dr. F. W. Kremer, who preached the dedication sermon, and W. R. H. Deatrick, former pastors of the congregation, and the Rev. W. F. Colliflower, Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, and F. F. Bahner. The occasion was one of deep interest to the congregation, which now has a neat and comfortable church, exclusively its own, in a suitable location. We congratulate them on the result.

In connection with the recent communion held in the Abbotstown, Adams county, Pa., charge, of which the Rev. W. F. Colliflower is pastor, twenty-eight persons were added to the church at New Oxford, sixteen by confirmation, and one on renewal of profession, and eleven to the church at New Chester, nine by confirmation and two by certificate. Four of the number received adult baptism.

SYNOD OF PITTSBURGH.

In connection with the communion held in the St. Luke's church, Kittanning, Pa., of which the Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher is pastor, on the first Sunday in the New Year, four persons were added to the church, two by confirmation and two by certificate. One of the former, over fifty years of age, received adult baptism. Three persons, all heads of families, were added to the same church at the previous communion by renewed profession. At the late communion held in Mt. Union church, of the same charge, four persons were added to the church on certificate. The collection, for the immediate relief of the Board of Missions, amounted to $22.28.

WESTERN CHURCH.

Eight persons were added by confirmation and certificate to the church at Liberty Centre, Ohio, over which the Rev. E. C. Baichly was recently installed pastor, at a communion held in connection with his installation.

In connection with the communion held on the 30th of December in the Mt. Zion church of the Reedsburg, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev. W. M. Andrews is pastor, nine persons were added to the church, eight of whom were confirmed.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered in Mt. Zwingli church, of the Wadsworth, Ohio, charge, of which the Rev. S. C. Goss is pastor, on the last Sunday in December. The communion was largely attended. Sixteen persons were added to the church, seven of whom received adult baptism and six are heads of families.

EASTERN GERMAN SYNOD.

Rev. J. Heberle, of Titusville, Pa., has accepted a call from St. Paul's church, Pittsburgh, Pa., and entered upon the duties of his new field of labor.

The St. Mark's church, organized as a mission under the auspices of Zion's church, on Sixth street, not quite two years ago, had quite an ovation on the first Sunday in the new year. Under the vigorous and successful pastorate of the Rev. G. A. Scheer, the mission has already become a self-sustaining congregation. It has a membership verging toward three hundred, and a Sunday-school of nearly five hundred scholars. The neat chapel, which was erected for the mission over a year ago, on the corner of Fourth and York streets, had become too small to accommodate the growing congregation. Hence, as the large church erected several years ago by an independent congregation on Fifth street, near Lehigh avenue, was for sale, the congregation bought it, and took formal possession of it on the Sunday already indicated.

The congregation met at the chapel in the morning, and moved in procession to their new home. The church soon became filled to overflowing, every available space being fully occupied. After the services had been opened in due form, the Rev. Dr C. Z. Weiser, of Goshenhoppen, Pa., preached a highly interesting and appropriate sermon. At the close of the sermon, the house was solemnly dedicated to the worship of God by the pastor, in the use of the usual service observed on such occasions.

In the afternoon, after the close of the Sunday-school service, a sermon was preached in the English language by the Rev. Dr. D. E. Klopp, pastor of Trinity church, in this city, who was assisted in the services by the Rev. Drs. D. Van Horne, C. Z. Weiser, and S. R. Fisher. In the evening a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. N. Gehr, who was followed in a brief address by the Rev. Dr. C. Z. Weiser, Rev. Dr. J. G. Wiehle, J. Dahlman, J. G. Neuber, and C. Keller, pastors of several Reformed churches in the city, were present and participated in the services. Collections and subscriptions, in aid of the enterprise, were taken up at each service, and netted together a considerable amount.

The congregation took possession of their new place of worship under very encouraging circumstances. They now have a comfortable and commodious church, and the prospects for a still further growth of the congregation are very favorable. The result in this case is an indication of what might be done by the Reformed Church in still other vacant localities in the city, under the labors of active and efficient pastors. F.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION.

A Sunday-school Convention of the Schuylkill District of Lebanon Classis will be held in Trinity church, Tamaqua, Rev. J. H. Hartman, pastor, on the 22d and 23d insts. There will be an evening session on the 22d, and an afternoon and evening session on the 23d. Delegates from the different pastoral charges are expected to be present. All pastors and delegates will please report themselves to the *pastor loci* so that he can make arrangements for their accommodation. The topics to be discussed are the following:

1. What relation should the Consistory sustain to the Sunday school? Revs. J. O. Johnson and J. P. Stein.
2. How should the festive days of the Church be kept by Sunday-schools? Revs. C. Baum and H. Leise.
3. What should our Sunday school hymns be? Revs. J. G. Neff and I. E. Graeff.
4. The best method of conducting a Sunday-school? Revs. J. Klein and Eli Hiester.
6. The best method of conducting an infant department? Revs. H. A. Keyser and J. O. Johnson.

Married.

MARRIED—On the 25th ult., at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. Wm. H. Herbert, Mr. Joseph A. Dewalt, from near Carlisle, Cumberland county, to Miss Sophia Hager, from near Landisburg, Perry county, Pa.

On the 19th of Dec., by Rev. H. Bair, at his residence, Mr. George Nelson, to Miss Mary McMillen, both of Westmoreland Co., Pa.

On the 27th of Dec., by the same, at the same place, Mr. George McLaughlin, to Miss Jennetta Ament, both of Westmoreland Co., Pa.

On the 2d of Jan., by the same, at the same place, Mr. James A. Artman, to Miss Mary E. Miller, both of Westmoreland Co., Pa.

On the 20th ult. at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. W. I. Stewart, Mr. George Mish, to Miss Sophia Besore, both of Franklin Co., Pa.

At the residence of the bride's parents, 317 East Biddle St., Baltimore, Md., on Dec. 22d, 1877, by Rev. J. T. Rossiter, J Harman Smith, of Philada., to Nellie Reisinger, of Balto., Md.

On the 8d of January, by Rev. Thos. N. Raber, Mr. Alford W. Backens, to Miss Lizzie Kuhns, both of Macungie, Pa.

On the 5th of Jany., by the same, Mr. James P. Mabry, to Miss Mary A. Kerchner, of the same place.

On the 23d ult., by Rev. D. B. Shuey, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. John Zander, to Miss Alice E. Herr, both of Lancaster Co., Pa.

On the 3d inst., at the parsonage of the Reformed church, New Providence, by Rev. D. B. Shuey, Mr. John M. Gaul, to Miss Mary E. Keen, both of Lancaster Co., Pa.

In Trinity Reformed church, Boonsboro, Maryland, on the 8th inst., by Rev. S. S. Miller, Rev. John C. Bowman, pastor of the Reformed church, Shepherdstown, W. Va., to Miss Minnie A., daughter of the late Elias Davis, dec'd.

At the pastor's residence, in Tinicum, Bucks Co., Pa., Jan. 5th, 1878, by Rev. G. W. Roth, Mr. Jacob W. Smith, of Smith's corner, to Miss Anna B. Slotter, of Plumstead.

Obituaries.

DIED—In Mercersburg, on the 6th inst., of apoplexy, Mr. Charles G. Lewe, proprietor of the Mansion House, in the 57th year of his age.

DIED—On the 10th of December, 1877, near Clearspring, George Cromer, aged 87 years, 6 months and 8 days.

Father Cromer died of paralysis, at his son-in-law's, Henry Beards, with whom he had his home since the death of his wife, who preceded him, not quite one year to her home in heavon. This aged couple lived in holy, peaceful wedlock for near sixty-six years. But the secret of their long life, and peace was their humble, quiet and Christian lives. They have a large family of children and grand-children to mourn their loss. Three of their sons are in the ministry of reconciliation. Though in the far West, they were still bound to home, and were not unmindful of their aged parents. They were privileged during the Centennial year to have a family re-union, in which they were all together, the representatives of different generations: kneeled around the family altar, and worshiped the God of their fathers. It was a happy time to this aged father and mother in Israel. But while there was much in that reunion to inspire gratitude and joy, there was the sad presentiment, that it would be the last here in the flesh, that soon the loved form of their aged parents would be laid in the silent grave. This presentment is now realized. Side by side we laid them in the cemetery of St. Paul's church, where they for many years worshiped, and where repose the dead of many, who only sleep in Jesus. Father Cromer's piety was humble and childlike. He had confidence in the Church of Christ, loved her, and attended to his duties as long as the infirmities of age would permit. His remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of people, and the occasion improved by the pastor, from the words "I would not live alway!" Job 7: 16. Now it remains for those who survive them to cherish the memories and lesson of his life: to say, "Peace to their ashes," and to culture their little mounds, in the sweet hope of the fruit of the resurrection morn.

"Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene,
Resumes them to prepare us for the next."

Lutheran Observer please copy. G.

DIED—On the 12th day of Sept., 1877, near Union Deposit, Dauphin county, Pa., aged 27 years, 11 months, and 12 days.

The subject of the above notice was a member of the Reformed Church, received into full communion under the instruction and confirmation of Dr. T. G. Apple, during the time he was a student at college in Mercersburg, Pa. But as it is, and has been the case with too many, he soon lost sight of his solemn covenant engagements, and for a number of years he lived indifferent to the Church and the eternal interests of his soul, until a violent and fatal attack of disease aroused his spiritual consciousness to action, in view of that final account which all must render unto God. He now sent for his pastor, and after having expressed to him his sincere and thorough regret for his remissness in spiritual duty, he placed himself under his guidance in order to find his way back to his covenant God, whom he had forsaken. Under the direction of his spiritual adviser he renewed the membership in the Church by profession of faith and the Holy communion, after which the light of the truth shone more brightly into his soul; and, more and more gaining spiritual steadfastness, he finally departed this world in the full assurance of hope centering in the incarnation of the Son of God, as the Lord our Righteousness and only Mediator at the right hand of God. His death took place about seven months after he was attacked by the disease which ended his earthly career. Peace to his ashes. S. K.

DIED—In Lebanon, Pa., on the 31st ult., Mr. Michael Witmer, aged 81 years, 11 months, and 16 days.

Father Witmer was a member of the First Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa. He was admitted to the communion of the Church by the present pastor. In his death the congregation lost one of its best and reliable members. He loved the Church, gave it his cheerful support, and attended punctually on its services. In all the relations of life he was governed by the principles of our holy Christianity. By his unflinching integrity, generous kindness, and consistent life, he won the confidence, love and friendship of all who knew him. His funeral was largely attended notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Many hearts sympathize with his deeply bereaved and sorrowing children, but also rejoice with them in the blessed hope that their beloved father has passed from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. His pastor sought to improve the solemn occasion of his funeral by a discourse based on 2 Tim. 4: 7, 8.

"Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless;
To sink into that sweet repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?"

K.

DIED—On the 29th ult., in Landisburg, Mrs. Mary Sheibly, widow of Barnett Sheibly, deceased, aged 74 years and 11 days.

Mrs. Sheibly was a faithful mother of our beloved Zion. She was earnest in seeking salvation in Israel, and her fervent Christian life, her devotion to her Church, and her peaceful departure, testify that she had found Christ in His holy temple. When she was about to go down into the dark valley, in view of the hope of glory, she could well say, "Now letest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." W. H.

Acknowledgments.

SYNOD OF THE POTOMAC.

BENEFICIARY EDUCATION.

Receipts during December.

From the Hagerstown charge, per Rev J S Kieffer, pastor	$15 75
Mont Alto charge, per Rev I M Motter, pastor	10 00
Friend's Cove charge, per Rev D M Whitmore, pastor	16 00
Rockingham charge, per Rev J C Hensell, pastor	30 00
Greencastle charge, per Elder J W Lackens, Treasurer	22 00
Amount	$93 75

Mercersburg, Pa., January 1, 1878. WM. M. DEATRICK, Treas. Board of Education.

LETTER LIST.

Appel, Rev J H, Aigler, Jas, Arnold, B F, Athanasian Society, Albright, J H, Albright, Rev D B.

Bernheisel, G, Beitzel, S, Boyd & Frye, Best, Geo, Brown, Chr, Bates, Rev W H, Benner, Saml, Bair, Rev H, Bowman, Rev J C, (2), Bickel, A S, Breidenbaugh, Rev S R, Briggs, Prof C U, Barthold, N H.

Crane, J E, Cocklin, H M, Christman, C K, (2), Creps, Alex, Croll, P C, Cort, Rev C, Crawford, Rev Jas, Crider & Bros, Clay, Geo, Clever, Rev C, Crawford, Laura E, Cramer, Miss H, Cronmiller, J P, Cushwa, W A.

Dotterer, Rev J, Dieffenbacher, Rev D S, Donat, Rev W, Deatrich, Rev W R H, Derr, Rev L K, Deatrick, W W, Daniel, Rev H, Derr, Emma.

Edmonds, Rev F A, (2), Eschbach, Rev E R.

Faus, Cath F, Fahnestock, B A, Frank, F W, Fouse, Rev D S, Fiske, John, Freed Bros.

Geary, Rev A C, Gerhart, Rev R L, Guch, A J, Getgen & Son, Groh, Rev W H, Gladding, H L, Gerhard, Rev C S, Gerhard, Rev D W, Giesy, Rev Dr S H, Guldin, B, Greble, Aaron, Gross, D W.

Huber, Rev S M K, Heiffner, B, Hoffmeier, Rev H W, Heister, Dr J E, Herbst, Mrs J, Hahn, W J, Hilbush, J K, Hartman, W D, Heilman, Rev U H, Heckerman & Son, H, Heyser, J, Heilman, Rev C U, Herr, M H, Hoskins, Geo, Heisler, Rev D Y, Henning, B F, Harr, Jonas, Haas, Rev W A, Hacker, T J, Heilman, S P, Hoover, Ananias, Hertzell, Rev G P, Hoover, T A.

Johnston, Rev Dr T S, Johnson, Rev J O, Jones, O Perry.

Kohler, L A, Kelker, R F, Kohl, H B, Kister, W H, Kuhn, Rev S, Kroh, S K, Klopp, A J, Keener, Rev H F, Knepper, Rev C, Kremer, Rev Dr F W, Kauffman, Levi, Keely, H B, Kremer, Rev Dr A H, Kehm, B F, Kemp, H.

Lawall, L H, Leisering & Trexler, (3), Long, Rev H F, (2), Leinbach, Rev Dr C H, (3), Landis, Rev W M, Lefevre, Dr J, Leinbach, Rev S A, Lichliter, J H, Lewis, G W.

Meyer, M A, Miller, D, (3), Mohney, A M, Mosser, Rev H, Metzger, Rev B S, McIntire, J W, Mease, Rev Dr S, (2), Meyer, H A, Mayburry, Mrs Dr, McCauley, Rev Dr C F, Marburger, W L, Monroe, S M, Marburger, F L, Motter, Paul, Mingle, H A.

Nagle, J C, Neff, H C, Neyhardt, J, Nagle, J A, Nicodemus, W S, Neyhardt, A L.

Oster, Mrs Frank, Oours, J.

Peeler, L J, Portz, F J, Pensyl, R H, Porter, Rev Dr T C, (2), Pilgram, Rev F, Pete s, Rev W J.

Rote, S, Robinson, H, Ruth, F, Rupley, Rev F A, Ressler, S W, Reichard, Rev R B, Renno, W F, Rhoads, J D S, Rothrock, Rev D, Rader, Jacob.

Snively, B B, Snyder, H, Stahr, Rev J S, Siegfried, Schneder, D B, Schaeffer, Chas A, Schaeffer, Isaac, Smith, John, Stitzer, H, M, Sykes, Rev J H, Slagle, C S, (4), Sunday, Wm, Scheffey, A M, (2), Schneffer, H B, Shuey, Rev D B, (2), Schiffert, J M, Strit zel, G W, Stewart, Rev W I, Sipe, Levi, Schneffer, Rev W C, Snyder, Geo.

Taylor, Mary, Twitmeyer, J V, (2). Thompson, Rev J B, Taylor, B C, Tyson, C M, Titzel, Rev J M.

Wolff, C B, Wolbach, Rev J, Whitmore, Rev A J, Witmeyer, D P, Weaver, Rev R C, Wolfinger, Sol, Wieand, C S, (2), Warenfeltz, Mrs Uriah, Walter, Saml, Wolfersberger, John, Wolbach, Rev J.

Yeich, W R, (2), Yearick, Rev W R.

Zimmerman, O T, Zehring, Rev J D.

Youth's Department.

"THE FLOWER."

"Once in a golden hour
I cast to earth a seed.
Up there came a flower,
The people said, a weed.

"To and fro they went
Through my garden-bower,
And, muttering discontent,
Cursed me and my flower.

"Then it grew so tall
It wore a crown of light,
But thieves from o'er the wall
Stole the seed by night.

"Sowed it far and wide,
By every town and tower,
'Till all the people cried:
'Splendid is the flower.'

Read my little fable,
He that runs may read;
Most can raise the flowers now,
For all have got the seed.

And some are pretty enough,
And some are poor indeed;
And now again the people
Call it but a weed."

THE LITTLE VOYAGERS.

They were two droll little German children, Hans and Freda, and they lived near the great, beautiful sea, that came tumbling up almost at their very door, and broke in a long line of white spray as far as the eye could reach. They loved it, just as you love the beautiful meadows all sprinkled with blue-eyed grass and daisies, and they listened while it talked to them, or sang them to sleep, as it often did on the sweet mid-summer evenings, when the song was so low that it seemed only the faintest lullaby. Were they ever afraid? O no; they would have laughed at the thought of fear, though sometimes when the wind was fierce and strong, they saw the mother's face grow pale and knew that she was afraid; but then the father always came home, and brought plenty of fish with him, and though his coat would be drenched with rain, and his hands sometimes stiff with cold, he always smiled and seemed content and happy, and how could the little ones know anything of the perils he had passed through?

As for Hans he thought he was quite a sailor, for on two warm summer days he had been out in the boat with his father, and had sailed up and down over the beautiful sloping crests of water until he was almost giddy with the strange sensation and excitement, scarcely able to call it pleasure, and yet something very far from pain. His father laughed, and said he was a little sea-sick, but Hans forgot all about it when the boat was hauled up on the beach, and was never tired of telling Freda the wonderful adventures he had passed through.

One day, when the father was off with the boat and the nets, and the beach was quite deserted, Hans proposed that he and his little sister should go down to the shore and see if they could get any crabs. The mother was sick with a head-ache, and so they stole away very quietly, leaving her fast asleep. Hans carried a net and Freda a large basket, as they expected to catch a great many crabs. Both of them knew how very well, and the mother of the little crab catchers never worried about them. She looked upon the sea as a sort of nurse for the little ones, who relieved her when she was tired, and was always ready to toss up shells or seaweed to play with when there was no work to do.

So down to the shining beach the two children ran, hand in hand, until they reached what they called their ship. This was the old, worn out, battered hull of a fishing boat, that was drawn up high out of reach of the waves, and in which, sometimes when the tide came creeping up, they would rock themselves and splash about in the water, making believe that, like father, they were really and truly going to sea.

They caught several crabs, but not nearly enough to fill the big basket they had brought, and then they tried to catch the floating seaweed, and pretended it was fish, and such a merry time as they had hauling it in. At last Freda grew tired, and Hans rocked the boat to amuse her, for the tide was creeping up, up, slowly enough, it is true, but creeping very steadily all the same. "Let's go on a voyage like father," said Hans, "let's go and catch fish—let's go out and meet him, and see who has the most. Let's go, I say."

Freda clapped her hands for joy. "Sail away," she said to Hans, and then they both began to rock and dip their hands in the water.

But presently a little wave came stealing up softly, so softly, and it lifted the battered old hull, with the two children in it, just as if it was a feather, and blew it gently out—out toward the open sea. At first the little girl laughed and said it swung just like a cradle, but then, as they rocked farther and farther away from the old moorings she clasped her tiny hands and begged her brother to steer toward the shore. Hans was frightened too, but he took the handle of the crab net and put it down in the soft sand and tried to push the boat backward with all his might. But he only sent it farther out and helped the little wave which grew bigger and bigger, until it frightened him to see how tall it grew and how it toppled over, and dashed the spray all over little Freda and him, and threatened to fill the boat. But what could a child do with only a crab net against the great swelling sea? Up and down they went, up and down, just like the little song his mother used to sing to Freda when she was a baby—

"Here we go up, up, up!
And here we go down, down, downy!"

and then he felt like crying, too, for would his mother ever have any one to sing it to again! He had only been playing sail away, just as he had done a hundred times before, and how was he able to prevent it, if the tide came up and carried them off. His mother had never forbidden his playing in the old boat, and he was so used to catching crabs that he never was afraid of any harm coming; and then he sat down in the bottom of the boat and covered his face with his hands and cried bitterly. He knew his father never could find him, for it was almost always night when he came home, and pray, where would his boat be when the night fell?

"I know what mother does when she is afraid," sobbed Freda, "she always says her prayers. Don't cry any more."

So she folded her hands and said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and Hans never smiled, for he thought he had never seen Freda when she looked so pretty and sweet as she did kneeling in the bottom of the old boat with her hands clasped and her eyes closed as if she was resolved to shut out every other thought.

And all the time the boat kept rocking, rocking, up and down, up and down, as if it was keeping time to the mother's old nursery song—

Here we go up, up, up!
And here we go down, down, downy!

It seemed strange, but after a little time the children were not afraid. They were only hungry, and the sun seemed to drop down into the sea very, very fast. And not a single living thing in sight, and, after a time, not even a glimpse of the little brown cabin where mother lay asleep, knowing nothing of the children floating away from before her very door.

It was almost nightfall when the father himself sailed homeward, and as he came nearer to the shore what did he see but two little curly heads that he loved best in the world bobbing about between the big waves.

"Hallo!" he said, and wiped his eyes, and looked again.

True enough it was Hans and Freda, and both were asleep, and the boat, he noticed, was filling fast.

"Hallo!" he said again, and this time there was something beside spray in his eyes, and for a moment he could hardly see. Then he used his two strong arms with a will, and in a very short time all were on shore.

"Freda said her prayers," explained Hans as they all stumbled through the sand up toward the brown house, in whose open door the mother stood anxiously watching.

But the father never said a word—only—only I think that night the father and the mother didn't forget to say their prayers.—*Church Journal.*

LADIES OF JAPAN.

A few years ago, the great empire of Japan was quite shut away from the rest of the world. Now it is open, and Europeans and Americans freely visit its ports. Many young men from Japan are in our own country, studying in our schools and colleges, and some of them have become Christians, and will return to their native land prepared to teach their friends the religion of the cross. Some young ladies from Japan are also here, and they will go back some day and help to elevate their sex. Japanese women are superior in many things to the women of other heathen countries. They associate freely with their fathers, brothers and cousins; go with them, or with their husbands when they are married, to places of amusements and of worship. A missionary not long since wrote that it was very interesting indeed to see ladies and gentlemen coming together so, and sitting in the mission chapel on the Sabbath. This is not so in most Asiatic lands.

The dress of the ladies is rich, tasteful and beautiful. They use flowers profusely. The bride wears them, and the belle asks their help to make her appearance complete. They have many of the flowers which we have, as you will see, if you notice those which are painted on our pretty Japanese fans. They strew flowers over the dead and plant them on the hill-side graves. Their robes are daintily embroidered, and as the Japanese lady sits at her work, she often has on one side a tea-pot, and on the other—what do you think? a pipe, for some of the finest ladies there like to smoke. We ought not to be satisfied till we conquer all Japan for Jesus and till all the people here love Him.—*Child's World.*

"I'VE GOT ORDERS NOT TO GO."

"I've got orders, positive orders—not to go there—orders that I dare not disobey," said a youth who was being tempted to a smoking and gambling saloon.

"Come, don't be so womanish—come along like a man," shouted the youths.

"No, I can't break orders," said John.

"What special orders have you got? Come, show them to us if you can. Show us your orders."

John took a neat wallet from his pocket, and pulled out a neatly folded paper. "It's here," he said, unfolding the paper, and showing it to the boys.

They looked and read aloud:

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away."

"Now," said John, "you see my orders forbid me going with you. They are God's orders, and by His help I don't mean to break them."

THE SACRED CATS AMONG THE TURKS.

Where do those cats come from? What shall we do with them? They come down from the house-top, and will take the meat out of the kettle when it is boiling over the *oujak* in the kitchen. We must contrive a way to poison some of them; they are regular thieves.

"You touch one of those cats," said Im Yusif, holding up her hands in horror, and jingling all her chains and pendants of silver and gold and brass, which hung from her hair, neck and arms, "You touch one of those cats, and it'll be death to all of us, that's sure truth, that. Don't you know they are from the Mosque? They are some of the sacred cats, and they don't need to steal, they are kept upon the fat of the sheep, but it's the nature of cats to steal, if they *are* holy."

"Im Yusif, what do you mean by holy cats?"

"Mean by holy cats? Why, the cats that live in the Mosque—there are as many as a hundred of them; they are kept in the Mosque with that tall minaret, one of the finest Mosques in the city. Don't you hear the call to prayer every morning? It is but a short walk from here, not longer than it takes to smoke a cigarette. Would you like to go and see them?"

"Will they allow us to go in and see them?"

Im Yusif laughed at the very idea. "Let us go in! no, indeed! No Christian has ever crossed that doorstep, but we can look through the window near the door and see the cats and the dervises."

"Well, I wish to go, and we will go this afternoon."

At the time appointed Im Yusif donned her white *Ezaar*, which looked for all the world more like a winding sheet than anything else, and telling me that I must wear an *Ezaar*, or I could not go to the Mosque, and that she would carry little Willie on her shoulder, so he would take a "smell of air" at the same time.

How strange these things do seem. Not a carriage or a vehicle of any kind, but camels, horses, mules, and donkeys jostling their loads against each other, while men in their long cloaks of scarlet, or blue, or purple, and the ghost-like women enveloped in the great white sheets, dart in and out amongst the loaded animals, as they thread their way along the narrow, dirty street. Every now and then a dead dog or the carcass of a donkey, is to be got over or got around in some way, while crowds of beggars in rags almost prevent your making the least headway.

The shrill cry of the water-peddler, "Arteat Allah, Arteat Allah, moi heller"—the gift of God, the gift of God, sweet water—those mule-skin sacks, filled with muddy water from the river you would think not very *sweet* water, but it is the best we can get in Aleppo. Here we are at the Mosque of Sacred Cats; the performance is just at its height. Here are the dancing and the howling, and the whirling dervises, and you would think enough to frighten any Christian cat out of her wits; but on satin cushions, all curled up, recline those holy Turkish cats, not the least disturbed by all the howls and tumble-downs of the holy dervises.

In the midst of all the din and yell, and resounding far above it all, from more than three hundred minarets, you hear the call to prayer—'tis the arsa, about three o'clock. All the shop-keepers, all the men of all trades and professions, stop everything, wash their hands and lay down their little *rug* toward Mecca, and say their prayers silently to Allah, kneeling in a great variety of positions. The Turkish women do not pray; they are not regarded as responsible beings, or as having souls, any more than these cats.—*Watchman.*

WHAT THE OWL KNOWS.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

Nobody knows the world but me.
When they're all in bed I sit up to see;
I'm a better student than students all,
For I never read till the darkness fall;
And I never read without my glasses,
And that is how my wisdom passes.

I can see the wind. Now, who can do that?
I see the dreams that he has in his hat;
I see him snoring them out as he goes—
Out at his stupid old trumpet-nose.
Ten thousand things that you couldn't think,
I write them down with pen and ink.

You may call it learning—I call it wit.
Who else can watch the lady-moon sit
Hatching the boats and the long-legged fowl,
On her nest, the sea, all night, but the owl?
When the oysters gape to sing by rote,
She crams a pearl down each stupid throat.

So you see I know—you may pull off your hat,
Whether round and lofty, or square and flat;
You can never do better than trust to me;
You may shut your eyes as long as I see.
While you live I will lead you, and then—I'm the owl—
I'll bury you nicely with my spade and shovel.

—*Good Things.*

PERSIAN STOVES.

I've just heard of the queer way the Persians have of keeping themselves warm in their houses during cold weather. They place in the middle of the room a pan of burning charcoal under a sort of table or frame which holds up a large wadded quilt that reaches the floor on all sides, like a tent. This must look almost like keeping the fire warm. Then the family sit around the droll stove, with their legs and arms under the quilt; and when they wish to go to sleep they put themselves half under the quilt and so keep nice and warm until the morning. That's easy enough for Persians to do, because, as I'm told, they never undress at night, but just roll themselves in coverings and lie down anywhere.

Perhaps you would not find such arrangements in your homes quite as comfortable as soft beds and cozy blankets in well-warmed rooms. However, the Persian winter is not as cold as ours, I suppose.—*St. Nicholas.*

WHO MADE IT?

Sir Isaac Newton, a very wise and godly man, was once examining a new and very fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, but declared the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe and asked:

"Who made it?"

"Nobody," said Sir Isaac; "it happened here."

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon understood what it meant.

A BLIND SPOT IN EVERY EYE.

There is a small part of the eye that is shut out by blindness, from seeing the beautiful things that the other parts enjoy. The following directions will enable any one to find it:

Shut your left eye, and with your right one look steadily at the cross below, holding the paper ten or twelve inches from the eye.

X O

Now move the paper slowly toward the eye, which must be kept fixed on the cross. At a certain distance the other figure—the letter O—will suddenly disappear; but if you bring the paper nearer it will come again into view. You may not succeed in the experiment on the first trial, but with a little patience you can hardly fail; and the suddenness with which the black spot vanishes and reappears is very striking.

PULLING UP THE STARS.

A little five-year-old could not quite understand why the stars did not shine one night, when the rain was pouring down in torrents. She stood at the window pondering on the subject with much gravity. All at once her countenance lighted up, and she said: "Mother, I know why the stars don't shine. God has pulled them all up, so as to let the water come through the holes!"

Pleasantries.

Washington succeeded not so much by grinding his hatchet as by keeping his mouth shut.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Tax Collector—Now, look here! how many more times do you want me to call? Defaulter—Not ever again, sir, if it's the same to you.—*Judy.*

"A polite man," said the Duc de Morny, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

"Hi! where did you get them trousers?" asked an Irishman of a man who happened to be passing with a pair of remarkably short trousers on. "I got them where they grew," was the indignant reply. "Then, be me conscience," said Paddy, "you've pulled them a year too soon!"

At a sale of machine-made oil paintings, Mr. Middlerib was looking at a grand painting of Niagara, in blue and green water, and white moonlight, and green grass, and gray rocks. "That is a rare picture, sir; a very rare picture," remarked the illustrious artist who presided over the auction. "Rare, eh?" grinned Mr. Middlerib. "Rare! Oh! yes, I see. Not well done!"

When a young man from Harvard is asked if he will always love her thus, he does not answer: "Will a duck swim?" Science has taken the place of poetry, and he replies: "Will evolution from the unconditioned, working in protoplasm by secretion and absorption, produce the organic cell?" Then he inquires languidly if there are any cold beans about the house.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

John Bunyan says very truly that the valley of Humiliation is a difficult valley for a pilgrim to get into. It has a bad name, which it does not deserve, and there are many who will avoid it if they can. But when one contentedly goes down into it and tarries there, he finds with every advancing day increasing peace. It is a pleasant valley, and very fruitful, too, for flowers and fruits abound. There men have found pearls, and have heard the voices of angels. Lilies are thick, and the shepherd boy who, "wears more of that herb called heart's-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet," is heard singing sweetly:

> "He that is down needs fear no fall;
> He that is low no pride;
> He that is humble ever shall
> Have God to be his guide."

We wish that all of our readers would fall in love with this valley. Pitch your tents within it, for it is a bright, sunny spot, and the winds do not blow roughly. You will live a happy life, and a useful one; and the smile of God, which is better than the applause of men, will forever rest upon you.

Do you not often get weary, dear friend, in the long and constant struggle to become somebody in the world? Perhaps you are trying to get a certain position in society, or trying to keep a certain position which you have already gained. The struggle is a hard, and it may be, a vain one. Oh, this frantic effort to "keep up appearances!" Why do you spend your strength for naught? Do not hate obscurity as though it were a sin; but retire from the social gaze, if needs be, without a murmur. If the little world of which you formed a part ceases to chatter about you, what does it matter? The smile of God and the approbation of a good conscience outweigh the babble of mankind. So if you have not strength of wing to fly to the topmost branch, then rest upon a lower branch and chirp as gaily as any bird of richer plumage which looks down upon you from a loftier perch.

You have lost money lately and must retrench expenses; then do so without a constant groaning. Say a cheerful goodbye to accustomed luxuries, and be thankful for your many comforts. Very likely you are better off than you deserve to be. You are not yet as the Master was, who "had not where to lay His head." Away with boasting and with pride! Oh, creature of a day, why is it *your paltry ambition to be as well off as* other people—or better off than they? Why are you anxious to have them notice you or praise you? Think of God and of duty, and quietly, yet grandly, so live that the work of each day may be well and faithfully done. Do not rate yourself, and do not be at all anxious that others will put the proper mark of value upon you. Do your duty, and leave all else with God. Fix your gaze upon the judgment throne, and let the thought of that great and solemn day when you must render up your final account chasten and subdue your haughty spirit.

Be not afraid to dwell in the valley of Humiliation. Jesus, when He was on earth, dwelt there; and in it you may do in peace and quietness a better and a more enduring work than is done by those who dwell in high places. Obscurity is not a bar to usefulness, and humility does not hinder a man from doing good. The flower blooms, and the bird sings in the shady glen. If in a quiet, humble way you lead a godly life and do what good you can, though unnoticed by the world, you will not lose a great reward.—*Methodist.*

SURELY I COME QUICKLY.

The Lord did not mean these words to be empty sounds. He meant His Church to listen and give heed to the solemn announcement. They speak to each passing age with deeper tone and more awakening voice. The voice of this trumpet waxes louder and louder as the ages roll away.

"Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed!" Are we, in the eager joy of our hearts, trying to measure the ages and count the few years or days that may lie between us and the Lord? Who can wonder that we should do so? Who would not wonder if we did not?

"His wife hath made herself ready." Are we ready? Is the bridal dress put on, "the fine linen clean and white?" Are we decked for the marriage supper? Are we keeping our garments undefiled? Are we "keeping ourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life?"—(Jude 21.)

And are we warning the ungodly? Are we *Noahs* in the prospect of that fiery deluge that is coming on the earth? Are we "preachers of righteousness?" Do we "condemn the world?" Are we becoming more earnest in urging our message upon sinners—"flee from the wrath to come?"—*Christian Treasury.*

CHRISTIAN LOYALTY.

Christian loyalty is not purely the homage of the intellect, still less formal service, and least of all a ceremonial observance, but a devotion of heart so intense and tender that only under an image of the most glowing manifestations of human love could it be adequately represented. The tendency is, ever, to make religion an observance, or else an ethical rule, or at the least an intellectual belief. The whole view given us, in both Testaments, of the Christian relation, whether it be in doctrine, in precept, in poetical imagery, is that it must be rooted in deep, tender, absorbing spiritual affection. We belong to Christ only as we love Christ. His kingdom is "within" us, because it is over hearts that He reigns.—*Patmos.*

KEEP YOUR OWN COUNSEL.

It is a most excellent rule in life, for those who would keep out of trouble, and keep themselves too, out of the reach of injurious busy-bodies, to have their eyes and ears wide open, and their mouths shut. They may see all that is to be seen, and hear all that is to be heard, but they need not tell to others all that they may wish to hear. These are scheming times. People are not what they were twenty years ago. The struggles for life and wealth have been so fierce and intense, as to have broken down many of the scruples that once governed it. Matters spoken of in confidence or words dropped incautiously in chance conversation, are not always accorded the privacy they are entitled to. They are too often used without remorse, whenever they can be used to the advantage of one, or to the detriment of another; and in this way a man who has honest schemes of business in hand, or who may have the misfortune to have unhappy secrets in his personal circle, frequently finds the world cognizant of them all without really knowing how it obtained the information. An upright, just, and honorable person, who chances to come into possession of a knowledge of his neighbor's private affairs, will lock his lips upon it, and suffer no one else to obtain it from him. But all men do not possess this high regard for others, and the only safe rule for dealing with such persons, and indeed with all persons, is to keep your own counsel—converse freely and genially on ordinary subjects, but on grave personal matters cultivate a careful reticence. If you have important business projects in hand, keep them to yourself, or, at most, limit the knowledge of them to the few trusty friends on whose discretion you can rely, and whose advice and assistance you may need. There are few successful business men who do not make this an inflexible rule in their operations. It saves them infinite trouble, and is one of the secrets of their success.—*Interior.*

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UP TRAINS.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Harrisburg....	8:00	1:35	4:30	9:10
Arr. Carlisle,.....	9:00	2:35	5:30	10:10
" Chambersburg	10:30	4:05	6:55	P. M.
" Hagerstown...	11:30	5:10	P. M.	
" Martinsburg...	12:20	6:00	P M.	
DOWN TRAINS.	A.M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lve. Martinsburg...		7:35		3:05
" Hagerstown....		8:25		3:55
" Chambersburg		9:30	1:00	5:06
" Carlisle.....	6:00	10:55	2:20	6:30
Arr. Harrisburg.....	7:00	11:55	3:20	7:30
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M

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General News.

HOME.

An Indian outbreak is said to have taken place in Montana.

The "strong-minded" women of our country, made themselves ridiculous last week, at a meeting held in the ladies' room of the United States Senate at Washington. They offered prayers and sang hymns, and then made speeches, which were not marked by refinement. Their petition for the right of suffrage, was properly rejected.

FOREIGN.

Victor Emmanuel, first King of Italy, died on the 9th inst., and his son Humbert, has been proclaimed his successor. The death of this great sovereign, who has figured so conspicuously, not only in the history of the Italian States, but in movements effecting grave questions of Church and State, throughout the world is universally regretted. All the sovereigns of Europe, and President MacMahon of France, have sent expressions of sympathy.

The body of the deceased King has been embalmed. It is stated that the Cardinal Vicar has granted the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore for the funeral ceremony. Italian clerical journals declare that the dying King, before receiving the viaticum, asked the Pope's forgiveness for his sins, although this statement is authratively contradicted and it is asserted that "Victor Emmanuel" made no declaration, which could give the lie to his glorious life as an Italian King." Several municipalities have already resolved to erect statues of the late King. The Chambers have been summoned to reassemble on the 16th instant.

Advices from the Eastern War, say that everything points to the complete confusion and dismay of the Turks. In a cavalry engagement near Baiburt, they were routed. Erzeroum has been invested since January 9th. Thousands of fugitives, are according to London dispatches of the 13th inst, on their way from Adrianople which is defenceless, to Constantinople. The suffering is very great, and the Turkish Government cannot relieve it. Funds are being sent from England.

Constantinople, January 13th—6.20 P. M.—The Porte has received a telegram from the Grand Duke Nicholas stating that the latter is ready to receive a Turkish delegate to discuss armistice conditions, but cannot now give any indications as to terms of peace, as he is still ignorant thereof.

ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF.

Reed from Miss Mary Musselman, Hilltown	$1 50
Ref S Sch, Sunbury, per Geo Hill, Esq	16 00
Ref S Sch, Schuylkill Haven, Rev J O Johnson	13 00
The five children of Rev J P Stein, Pottsville, birthday presents $1 each	5 00
Miss Mary Jane Semmel, Pottsville	1 00
Clover Creek cong, Blair Co, Pa, Rev F A Rupley, Christmas col	10 25
Ref S Sch at Hummelstown, Rev A R Bartholomew	10 00
Zion's Ref cong, Allentown, dry goods	22 00
Daniel Hilbush, Mahanoy, North'd Co, Pa, $2.50; Mrs Nancy Hilqush, $2.50; E R Hilbush, $2.00; J R Hilbush, $2.50; Mrs Amanda Hilbush, 2.00; Annie Hilbush, 90c.; Mary Hilbush, 77c.; Lydia Hilbush, 53c.;	13 70
St John's Ref, Allentown, Rev S G Wagner, Christmas collection	8 50
Miss Anna B Stickel's S Sch class, "	3 00
Evangelical Ref cong, Frederick, Md, Rev E R Eschbach	44 00
S Sch, New Holland, Rev D W Gerhard, Christmas offering	22 00
Rev L J Mayer, Boyertown, $77.23, and Swamp cong, $37.12, dry goods and cash	114 35
Ref S Sch, Williamsport, per Aug G Kline	9 40
Zion's Ref cong, Allentown, package dry goods	5 00
Rev D B Shuey, Quarryville cong, $5, and New Providence cong, $5	10 00
Turbotville S Sch, Rev Z A Yearick	10 15
Hains' cong, Heidelberg, Rev W F P Davis	11 00
McConnelstown S Sch, Huntingdon Co., per Faries Lebrand	5 00
Ref S Sch, Mifflinburg, Rev G E Addams, Christmas offering	25 00
Boys and girls of Ref S Sch, Bedford, per John P Reed	21 73
Ref S Sch, Egypt cong, Rev S A Leinbach	4 00
S Sch of Grace Ref ch, Easton, Rev D Y Heisler	4 00
Mrs Catharine Kunkel, Harrisburg	25 00
Salem's Ref S Sch, Harrisburg, Rev W H H Snyder	50 00
Ref S Sch, Bloomsburg, Rev G D Gurley	2 00
Elder Moses Hess, Dellville, Perry Co, Pa, per Rev U H Heilman	2 50
Silver Run S Sch, Maryland, St Mary's Christmas offering, per H Wirt Shriver	12 00
Mary, George, Ursinus, Catharine, Eva and Rachel Faus, penny savings for the Orphans, Rev G D Gurley	3 75
Ref S Sch, Williamsport, per Aug G Klein	5 75
S Sch 1st Ref ch, Lebanon, F W Kremer, DD	24 13
Mrs David Oaks, Pittsburg, Pa	5 00
Christ Ref S Sch, Elizabethtown, Pa, Rev J H Pannebecker	8 50
St Mark's Ref S Sch, Easton, Rev T O Stem	8 52
J W Fly, Sellersville	2 00
	$538 73

D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

ORPHAN HOME, BUTLER, PA.

(Christmas Offerings.)

From Evg Ref S School of Frederick, Md, per Rev E R Eschbach	25 00
Ref cong, Frostsburg, Md, per Rev J Ruhl, pastor	10 00
Ref cong and S School, Middletown, Md, per Rev T F Hoffmeier	12 00
Ref S School, Kittanning, Pa, per Rev D S Dieffenbacher	27 00
Mrs Sarah King, near Kittanning, Pa, per Rev D S Dieffenbacher	50
Trinity Ref cong and S School, Wilkinsburg, Pa, per Rev J M Souder	8 05
Ref cong, Fairview, Pa, per Rev J Hannabery	22 54
Ref cong, Mt Pleasant, per Rev D B Lady	6 10
2d Ref cong and S School, Greensburg, Pa, per Rev J W Love	37 25
Ref Sunday-school, New Stanton Pa, per Rev J W Love	2 75
Ref Sunday-school, Bedford, Pa, per John P Reed, Esq	21 73
Pine Run charge, Westmoreland Co. Pa, per F Wigle, Esq	3 00
Sunday-school Paradise charge, Troutville, Pa, per Rev John Wolbach	10 73
	$186 65

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Rev Dr C H Leinbach, per Rev H Mosser, Treas Leb Classis, paid to particular student	250 00
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HOME MISSIONS.

Reed per Rev H Mosser, Treas, &c, from St John's ch, Reading' $66.75; Hill ch, Annville chge, $44.70; Pinegrove chge, $15.50; Orphans' Home cong, $16.75;	$83 70
P Quillman, from ch of the Ascension, Norristown	30 00
Rev T F Hoffmeier, Middlotown Md	44 00
Rev Dr M Kieffer, Gettysburg, Pa	15 00
for immediate relief, from Mrs Prof W E Krebs, $5.00; 2d Ref ch, Hbg, $3.01; Rev W I Stewart, St Thomas, Pa, $5.00; per W A Wilt, Treas, &c, from Trinity 1st Ref cong and S S, York, $50.00;	63 01
per Rev S R Fisher, from Rev J D Detrick, contributions from Whitemarsh cong. $10; Whitemarsh S S, $5.30; and St Luke's church, North Wales, $13.50;	28 80
	$264 51

WM. H. SEIBERT, Treas.

Letter from Dr. Franz Liszt.

JEALOUS of the increasing fame of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Co., some of their competitors started the story that an organ which they recently made for Dr. Franz Liszt did not please that great master, and that he had sent it to a music dealer to be sold. An inquiry about this brought the following response.

VILLA D'ESTE, NEAR ROME, *October* 17, 1877.

Honored Sirs: For the kind attention which you extended to me, I have already expressed my sincere thanks. I am very sorry that any annoyance to you has arisen out of this matter, but am certainly not to blame for it. As you suppose, the statements appearing in the "Music Trade Review" concerning myself are "a pure invention of its own."

The matter is simply as follows: Every year when leaving Budapest, I deposit my pianos with Mr. Chmel (agent of the firm of Bösendorfer), who kindly takes care of them for me during my absence. Last April, I also placed with him your matchless "Liszt Organ," with special request to take good care of it and safely return it to my salon immediately upon my return, the middle of November. I cannot conceive how this could be distorted into a disparagement, or even sale, on my part, of this instrument. I hereby firmly and truly declare that such meanness is entirely foreign to my nature.

I lately saw in the warerooms of Mr. Ducci, in Rome, one of your unrivaled Mason & Hamlin Cabinet Organs. Ducci played it tastefully and elegantly, and I strongly hope that there may be extensive business relations between you, being convinced that they will result in mutual satisfaction.

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